









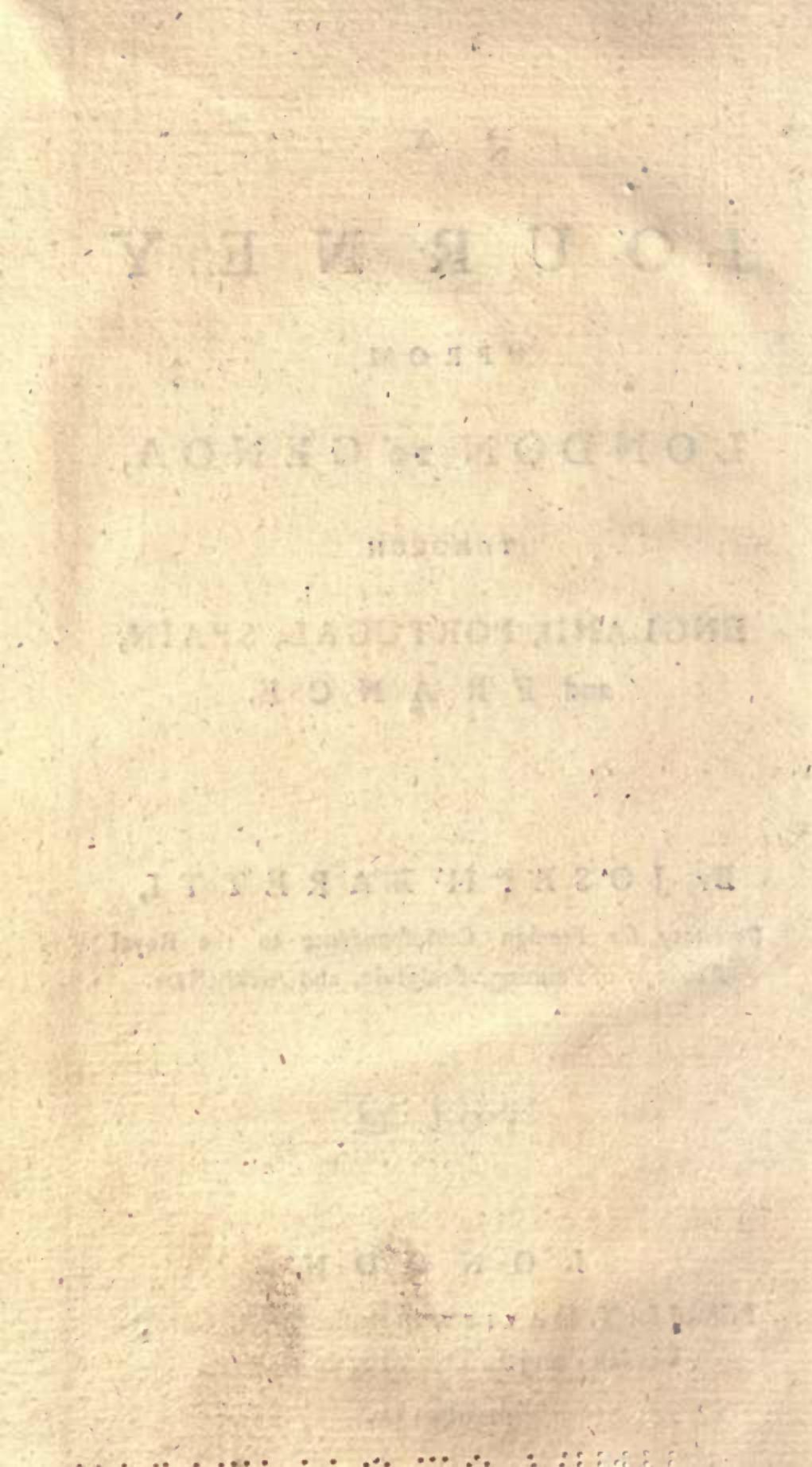
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E N G L A N D, P O R T U G A L, S P A I N,  
a n d F R A N C E.

By J O S E P H B A R E T T I,  
Secretary for Foreign Correspondence to the Royal  
Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture.

V O L. III.

L O N D O N;  
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M D C C I X X.



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## LETTER LVII.

*All men alike. Booksellers and Printers.  
Character of the Spanish language. Spanish dictionary. Spanish etymologist. Góngora, Lope de Vega, and Calderon. Autos Sacramentales and Loas. The devil in various plays. The devil turn'd preacher. Augustin Moreto. Not acts, but days. Unities little minded. Sainéte, Zarzuéla, Entremés, and Móciganga. The parish clerk. Translations of the classics, and books of chivalry. Quevedo, Feyjoo, De L' Isla and his Fray Gérundio. Casisi's account of Arabic books. Juan and Ulloa. Lopez. Public libraries.*

Madrid, Oct. 18, 1760.

**T**H E fashionable characterisers of modern nations, a breed that in this century has prodigiously multiplied all over Europe, are unanimously agreed,

that there is a very great difference between the natural inclinations of this and that people, and that (for instance) idleness is as much inherent in the Spaniard and the Italian, as the opposite quality in the Englishman or the Dutchman. But a great share of sagacity would not be necessary to discover the falsity of this assertion, and indeed of all assertions of this kind, were we but willing to shake off our own mental idleness, lay aside our national prejudices, and exert our faculties in the easy discovery of our own perceptions.

Men have no inherent qualities but what are common to the whole species; and, should we grant that those characterisers are right in their assertions, we could not avoid adopting the absurd opinion, that Providence has been so partial, as to impart to one generation (for instance) an innate love of labour, and to another an invincible aversion to it.

That

That this is not the case, sober reason would tell us, if we would but listen. Sober reason would make us easily comprehend, that human nature has always been the same throughout the world, though the nations into which the world is divided, may temporarily vary from each other in several respects, and be alternately active or inactive, brave or cowardly, learned or ignorant, honest or dishonest. Sober reason would inform us, that particular virtues and particular vices will at times take possession of this or that tract of land, sway its inhabitants for a while in such a manner as to appear irresistible; then lose their power by degrees, shift away imperceptibly, and make room for other virtues and other vices, which will raise or sink the people according to the nature of their tendency.

This rotation is incessant, though sometimes quicker and sometimes slower; but men continue still to be essentially the same, still endowed with the same sus-

ceptibility of good and bad qualities, still with the same inclinations, still with the same general nature. Does activity prevail in one nation? The virtues which are the inseparable concomitants of activity, will give superiority to that nation over others. Does inactivity prevail? Inferiority will be the consequence. These were the causes that made this and that nation alternately great or little, glorious or inglorious alternately. Medes, Assyrians, Persians, Macedonians, Greeks, Romans, Goths, Turks, and so forth, were by turns the greatest and the lowest people in the world. Each had a period, during which they were in a manner entitled to reproach this and that nation with idleness.

The English, who are at present the most active people that exists, stand of course quite at the head of mankind. How long they will enjoy the post of honour, no body can possibly tell. But every body can tell, that they must continue

tinue to exert themselves with unremit-  
ted vigour if they will avoid retrograda-  
tion, as was the case with the French and  
Spaniards, who have in their turn been  
very active, not many centuries ago, and  
lost the privilege of preheminence by a  
relaxation of that activity which animated  
them during a certain period. Let the  
English remit of their present vigour, and  
they will infallibly be lowered with a ra-  
pidity equal to that by which they have  
been raised. They will infallibly see some  
rival nation lifted up to their prejudice,  
and entitle the fashionable characterisers  
of the next generations to brand their  
unborn progeny with that same note of  
idleness, which they have at present some  
right to bestow upon other nations, the  
Spanish in particular.

But let us suppose, for argument's sake,  
the English stripped of their present su-  
periority over all the present nations,  
which they have undoubtedly obtained by  
dint of superior activity: let us suppose

their influence not extending much beyond their native land, as it is in a great measure the case with the Spaniards: Can any body be seriously of opinion that the nature of the English would alter in such a case, and their present characteristics undergo any real change? That they would intrinsically be less courageous than they are at present? Less liberal? Less apt to cultivate all sciences? Less apt to perfect all arts?

Surely no such revolution would happen in their nature. They would virtually be just as they actually are, though those qualities in them might have fewer subjects to act upon than they have at present. The English would in such a case navigate less, fight less, give less, study less, work less: but this is all we can reasonably think would be the case in such a case.

These considerations often put me out of humour with those puny philosophers, who are perpetually ringing in our ears, that

that the Italians are naturally jealous, the French naturally volatile, the Germans naturally heavy. How can a man forbear to grow waspish when a conceited fellow steps forth, and represents human nature in these false colours? Assertions of this sort ought perpetually to be combated, and every opportunity seized to expose them as partial, as ridiculous, as absurd, and as generally tending to raise the contempt and antipathy of one part of mankind against the other, which ought to be no body's business but the devil's. It is the devil's business to spread such erroneous notions, that men may not consider themselves as brothers, but contemn and hate each other. Men not influenced by the suggestions of the devil, have long told us, that mankind are nothing else but a great family; and he is no great friend to that family who contributes his mite towards keeping it in discord and in enmity with partial and false representations.

By this grave and prolix proem you will see at once, that I am far from having adopted the far-spread notion, that the Spaniards are naturally idle. If they do less than the English, the Dutch, or any other present nation; it is for no other reason than that they have less to do. Put them in a condition to be more active, and more active they will be. I judge of this by what passes actually under my eyes. I go to see them in their shops and other places where any work is going on, and I find that they do what they have to do with becoming chearfulness and speed.

I visited this morning a large printing-office in the *Calle de las Carretas*; a street so called, and chiefly inhabited by Printers and Booksellers. The briskness of above fifty workmen employed in that printing-office, was a plain proof to me, that when the Spaniards are put to it, they can be as active as other people. I asked two fellows at one press, how many sheets

sheets they could work off in a day, and was answered five and twenty hundred, which I thought a pretty good number, especially as they were none of the most muscular men. Were readers so numerous throughout this country as they are in England and France, the Spanish printers would work as much as those of France and England; and by a parity of reason, the Spanish workmen in all other branches of manufacture would do as their manufacturers of books. What comes then of the assertions in disfavour of this nation, so much insisted on by shallow and malignant characterisers, who are perpetually mistaking effects for causes, and painting one part of mankind as intrinsically different from the other?

Having looked into several of the many booksellers-shops that are in that street *de las Carretas* and in some other, I had reason to be astonished at the vast quantity of books the Spaniards have written in their language. Before I came here,

I knew

I knew that they have in it a great deal of divinity, history, and poetry : yet I had scarcely any idea of their stock of literature. From the many titles of books that have passed in review under my eyes since I entered the kingdom, I have now got a notion that we have too much neglected an acquaintance with the knowledge collected by the scholars of this country. Of the learning of France we are tolerably informed in our capital cities, nor are we perfect strangers to that of England, as we have translated a pretty considerable number of English books. But we have shamefully overlooked the books of Spain, of late at least, and know almost nothing of what they have been doing for these two hundred years, though our language bears a much greater affinity to its language, than either to that of France or England.

The Spanish language with regard to its sound, seems to me even more harmonious than ours. It is at least full as susceptible

ceptible of musick as ours, which is not the case with those of England and France. Like that of Tuscany it has some soft gutturality, which renders it quite enchanting to my ear. You may then easily imagine, that being spoken by a King and a court much more considerable than any in Italy, it is of course much more polished than ours, perhaps more abundant also in words and phrases. It is uncommon in Italy to hear people speak Tuscan with exactness and elegance, even in Tuscany itself. But here every man and woman one degree above the vulgar, make it a point, as in England and France, to express themselves with the greatest propriety. Many of their late writers have strove to surpass their predecessors in this point, but is that the case with us? No. A great number of ours seem to have emulously endeavoured who should surpass the other in forging barbarous words and barbarous phraseology.

The

The Dictionary that contains this tongue, is full as voluminous as that of *Della Crusca*, and was compiled by the members of an academy of Belles Lettres instituted here by Philip V, and called *La Real Academia Espanola*.

This dictionary is in six quarto volumes, of about seven hundred pages each, printed in 1726.

The first volume contains the dedicatory letter to that King, *a cuyas reales expensas* (says the title) *se haze esta obra*, “at whose expence this work is carried on.”

Besides the dedication, that first volume contains a preface, a history of the academy, a discourse on the origin of the Spanish language, another on Spanish etymologies, and a third on the Spanish orthography, together with a list of the authors, out of which the academicians compiled their great work.

Those authors are noted chronologically down in that list, and divided into six classes.

The first class contains the authors who wrote before the year 1200. But I ought to say *author* and not *authors*; as under that class only one book is quoted, which bears the title of *Fuero Juzgo*. This book originally written in Latin, long before the Arabs conquered Spain, and translated into Spanish in the eleventh century, as several learned Spaniards pretend, is here looked upon as the fountain-head of the Spanish laws, and the chief ground-work of their political institution, like the *Magna Charta* of the English.

The second class has but three books written in the thirteenth century.

The authors of the third class, from the year 1300 to 1400, are numerous enough, and still more the following from 1400 to 1500, and so downwards.

The Spanish tongue has been cultivated as early as the Tuscan, and their books written in the fourteenth century, differ but very little, with regard to words and phrases, from those that are written

written at present, which is the case with us; and the Spaniards, like us, have written upon all manner of subjects.

It is a very difficult thing to find the Spanish dictionary compleat. The academicians, it seems, gave away a great number of copies of the first volume as soon as printed, by way of compliment to all the conspicuous men in the nation, on the supposition that whoever had the first *gratis*, would not hesitate to buy up the rest as they went on publishing: but they were mistaken, and a great many copies of the following five volumes remained upon the academicians' hands thus imperfect; so that, one may easily have these five for five douloons, which make about four pounds English; but a compleat copy sells for treble the money.

Besides the dictionary, the Spaniards have a great number of books, that treat professedly of their language. Amongst the  
most

most esteemed are *Bernardo Aldrete*, and *Sebastian de Covarruvias Orozco*.

*Aldrete's* work is intitled, *Del Origen y Principio de la Lengua Castellana o Romance que oy se usa en España, &c.* Printed en Madrid 1674. You know that the Spaniards call their tongue by any of these names: *Lengua Espanola*, *Lengua Castellana*, *Romance Castellano*, or simply *Romance*, without the addition either of the word *Castellano* or *Español*; so that, a man who speaks Spanish is “*un hombre que habla el Romance.*” We call likewise our language by three names: *Lingua Italiana*, *Lingua Toscana*, and *Lingua Volgare*.

The work of *Aldrete* (a thin folio) is likewise as rare as the first volume of the Spanish dictionary, if not more. I paid dearer for it than I ought, considering that I am a traveller not over burthened with money, but could not resist the temptation, as I find that it abounds in that kind of learning for which I have al-

ways had a fondness. *Aldrete* traces the language of Spain as far back as the Romans, through the various changes it has undergone under the different nations that successively invaded and possessed this country. His work is full of erudition, as you may well think that such a plan required; and a good deal of rare knowledge is to be picked out of it.

Of *Covarruvias*'s book I have seen two editions, both in folio, and both in two volumes; the first edition printed in 1673, the second in 1674 by the same printer, *Melchor Sanchez*, en Madrid. The second is the best. It is intitled *Tesoro de la Lengua Castellana o Espanola*, augmented by *Remigio Noydens*.

This *Tesoro* is a kind of etymological dictionary. Several thousand of Spanish words, derived from the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Cantabrian, Gothick, Arabick, and other languages, are amply explained and illustrated in it. Few nations can

boast of such etymologists as *Covarruvias* and *Noydens*.

Besides the dictionary, the Spanish academicians have also published a small octavo, intitled (a) *Ortographia de la Lengua Castellana*. Should any of you ever want to know Spanish more than tolerably, I have here pointed out the chief works that are indispensably necessary towards such an acquisition.

Was it in my power to stay here but a twelvemonth, I would certainly endeavour to do what has not yet been done by any of our countrymen, and give Italy an insight into the knowledge that this nation has been accumulating these several centuries. At present such an undertaking is quite beyond my abilities. I have had Spanish enough these many years for common converse, and can even feel many of its elegancies and pretti-

(a) The best edition is the third, printed at Madrid 1763. 'Tis an 8vo. of about 260 pages, most elegantly printed.

nesses, but never could apply to it with any great degree of vigour, never having been possessed of any considerable number of books at any time. *Don Quixote*, some lyrick poetry by *Boscán* and *Garcillasso*, some plays of *Calderon* and *De Vega*, the histories of *De Solis*, *Sandoval*, and *Herrera*, half a dozen Books of chivalry, with *Lazarillo de Tormes*, the poem of the *Araucana* and the *Translation of Orlando Furioso*, make near the whole of my Spanish reading. What can I do with such a slender stock towards an undertaking so great, as that of giving a competent idea of the Spanish learning?

However, I will not pass such a subject in perfect silence, but communicate to you what little I have now in my power.

The poetical language of Spain seems to me to differ still more from its prose, than even the language of Italy. Some of the Spanish poets I find so very difficult, that I am stopp'd somewhere or other

other almost in every page, especially when I read the works of *Góngora*, a satirical lyrick, ridiculed by *Le Sage* in his famous romance of *Gil Blas*, but much esteemed by this nation. To make myself an absolute master of *Góngora's* language, would certainly require of me some months of close application, though I can read *Boscán* and *Garcillasso* with as much ease as I do *Petrarch* and *Bembo*, whose lyrick verses these two Spaniards seem to have endeavoured to imitate.

I need not tell you, that this nation has produced a great number of dramatick poets. The two that proved most voluminous are *Lope de Vega Cárpio*, and *Calderón de Barca*.

*Lope de Vega*, they say, has left in print more than three hundred dramatick pieces, out of twice (*a*) as many that he had written. Another imagination so fertile in plots and characters, has never

(*a*) Some say so many, that I dare not name the number for fear of being called foolishly credulous.

existed; and of *Calderón* I have in my possession ten quarto-volumes, which contain near a hundred and thirty plays, besides six other such volumes of his *Autos Sacramentales*, which are a kind of religious tragedies, or comedies, or tragicomedies. Of such *Autos* he wrote very near a hundred, and there is a printed list of another hundred plays more, which are attributed to him, though not included in the collection of his works, published after his death by one of his intimate friends.

To enter into a criticism of these two poets' dramas, besides that it would prove too prolix, is beyond my strength. To sit in judgment upon the theatrical performances of a foreign nation, requires much more knowledge of its language, manners, and customs, than comes to my share with regard to the Spaniards. I can only say in general, that no nation, but the Spanish and Portuguese, could bear the representation of an *Auto Sacramental*,

mental, of which there are many in this language, besides those of *Calderón*.

The association of sacred and prophane made in this sort of compositions, is not calculated for any people, but the Portuguese and the Spanish. In all the *Autos* that I have as yet read, I find, amongst other oddities, men and women brought in with allegorical creatures, with fabulous deities, with prophets and saints, with angels and devils, with the blessed virgin, and even with our Saviour himself.

For a specimen of an *Auto*, I will only give you the names of the *Dramatis Personæ* introduced in one of them, written by *Calderón*, and entitled: *A Dios Por razon de estado*, “To God for a reason of state.

*WIT, a gentleman.*

*THOUGHT, a madman.*

*The HEATHEN RELIGION, an ugly lady.*

*The SYNAGOGUE, a filthy woman.*

*ATHEISM, a monstrous man.*

*St. PAUL the apostle.*  
*BAPTISM, a fine boy.*  
*CONFESsION, a woman.*  
*PRIESTHOOD, a man.*  
*MATRIMONY, a man.*  
*NATURAL LAW, a woman.*  
*WRITTEN LAW, a woman.*  
*LAW of GRACE, a lady.*  
*THREE WOMEN singing.*

What would you say to such characters, were they exhibited upon our stage, even on the supposition that they were ever so consistent?

The *Autos* are generally preceded by a *Loa*, which is sometimes a play by itself, and sometimes only an introduction to a play. The *Dramatis Personæ* belonging to the *Loa* that goes before the above-named *Auto*, are no less extraordinary. Here they are.

*FAITH, a lady.*

*RENNOW, a lady.*

*The POWER of REASONING, a gentleman.*

*THEOLOGY, a lady.*

JURISPRUDENCE, *a lady.*

PHILOSOPHY, *a lady.*

PHYSICK, *a lady.*

NATURE, *a lady.*

MUSICIANS of either sex.

You will possibly wonder at the many female actors introduced by Calderón in these compositions. But besides that the words *Faith*, *Renown*, *Theology*, *Jurisprudence*, &c. are of the feminine gender in the Spanish tongue, you must also know that in Calderon's days it was not permitted to the men to act upon the stage; so that men's characters were then acted by women: and it is but of late years, that the Spaniards have obtained this permission, I cannot tell whether by the government or the inquisition. See the whims of nations! In England about a century ago no women were allowed to act; and this has been during many ages past, and is still, the practice in the Pope's capital and in Portugal.

Besides the sacred which frequently precede the *Autos Sacramentales*, the Spaniards have other *Loas* that are not sacred, consisting of one or two acts. These are recited on solemn festivals, especially on the birth-days and wedding-days of their Kings, Queens, and other great personages. In one of Calderon's, that was exhibited in honour of Charles II, amongst the interlocutors I find three birds; that is, the *phœnix*, the *eagle*, and the *peacock*, together with the *twelve months*, and the *twelve signs of the Zodiac*. I will now give you leave to laugh at the French, who make not only *rivers* dance, but *roses*, *tulips*, and other flowers.

There are likewise many *Loas* which are exhibited in the houses of the nobility by their servants upon temporary stages erected for the purpose, especially when the masters happen to marry at their country-seats. A kind lord in these domestic *Loas* is sure to be compared to Jupiter,

piter, Mars, or Neptune; as Juno, Venus, Minerva, Diana, and every possible goddess are most unmercifully brought to kneel before his new bride, or even his mother.

The low people here, they say, are much in love with spiritual *Loas* and *Autos*, because they offer a great deal of theatrical pageantry to their eyes. But the best sort are much against this kind of entertainments, which is a sign that criticism is making its way in this kingdom, if I conjecture right. I am even assured that the King intends (a) to forbid their representation, as the principal clergy have not ceased to make remonstrances to him against such dramas ever since he came to the throne.

As to the other plays of *Lope de Vega* and *Calderón*, many are the things in them that a critick might easily find fault with. They both disgust me often

(a) His Majesty forbade the *Autos* and *Loas* not long after the date of this letter.

with the prolixity of their speeches, with their superfluous descriptions, with a medly of tragical and comical ideas, with their frequency of far-fetched conceits, with their bombast and fustian interlarded with puns and quibbles, and above all with their frequent associations of real and ideal personages.

In spight however of their numerous oddities, incongruities, and absurdities, I must own that I cannot easily lay down their books when I have once begun to read, and am so far an admirer of these two poets, as to rank them both in the very first class of poetical geniusses. The copiousness and originality of their invention, their artfulness in entangling and disentangling their plots, their vast variety of characters, their numberless sentiments, the force and elegance of their expression, their facility of versification, and several other of their excellencies, fill me often with such an enthusiasm, as to make me cross rapidly over the ocean  
of

of their errors, and forget the frigid dictates of sober reason. Indeed the present race of play-wrights in France and England, the driest and coldest that ever any theatrical age produced, instead of neglecting or contemning the dramatick compositions of Spain, would not do amiss to read many of them, especially those of *De Vega* and *Calderon*, not to imitate them at all, but to warm and fecundate their own cold and barren imaginations.

I must not omit to inform you, that the devil in a large number of Spanish plays, bears a very conspicuous part, and is generally the protagonist of those in which he is introduced. But wherever he makes the principal figure, I always find some angel, saint, or holy man brought in to counteract his schemes, defeat his purposes, and make him subservient to the cause of virtue and religion. Excuse a short sketch of one of such plays. It may possibly give you a clearer insight into the taste and character of

of this people, than any detail I could give of their general inclinations.

In the *Diablo Predicador*, “*The Devil turn’d Preacher.*” the action is introduced by a long speech of his devilship riding on a fiery dragon. In that speech he vents his rage against the Franciscan friars, who are continually robbing him of numbers, that would otherwise increase the populousness of his fiery regions. He has just got intelligence, that those friars are come to settle at Lucea; and Lucca is a town in which he has long reigned in peace, thanks to the numberless vices of the inhabitants, who are now going to be converted, much to his prejudice and dishonour.

To hinder the friars from settling in that town, the Devil orders his servant *Asmodeus* to redouble his usual diligence, and endeavour their expulsion before they get any firm footing, by steeling the hearts of the Lucchese in so effectual a manner, that they may never be induced

to pity the hardships of the holy intruders, and relieve their wants with the least alms.

The combined efforts of cunning Asmodeus and his terrible master are so powerful, that the governor of Lucca becomes a most inveterate enemy to the Franciscans, and the inhabitants instead of giving them loaves, lose no opportunity of throwing stones at them. The persecution proves so perverse, that the pious designs of the friars are on the point of being frustrated, as they find themselves in the most imminent danger of starving.

But the *Niño Jesús* cannot bear with any patience the double iniquity of men and devils: therefore comes down from heaven in his own person, along with the *Archangel Michael*; and, after a short dialogue, orders him to go and bid the wicked *Principe de las tinieblas*, “Prince of darkness,” to assume the figure himself of a Franciscan friar, and preach so efficaciously to the Lucchese, that they may

may soon repent their long errors, and return upon the abandoned road that leads to heaven.

The order brought by Michael the devil cannot disobey. He frets and storms, swears and curses, and emits fire out at the mouth and nostrils; but still he must submit, maugre his pride and wickedness. He turns Franciscan, is chosen superior to the little community, and enters upon his mission with a sincerity and fervour that he cannot help.

But besides the corrupted morals of the Lucchese, he finds the morals of his new companions themselves greatly wanting emendation. Hypocrisy and lust, gluttony and idleness, pride and avarice, are in full possession of the greatest part of the little community; and these he must take upon himself to reform as well as those of the townsmen.

One of the worst friars in the convent is *Fray Antolin*, who has just begun an intrigue with an amorous devotee. The

cloven-footed Father (*a*). Guardian has not lost any of his infernal privileges, though apparently metamorphosed. He still has the power of knowing the most inward thoughts of men ; and the preservation of this power enables him to detect all the schemes of the wicked friar *Antolin* just as they are going to have their effect. *Antolin* gives a rendezvous to his doxy ; but the devil comes across and disturbs their meeting. *Antolin* embezzles some part of the alms given him for the whole community ; but the devil brings him to an account for it. *Antolin* gets to a lonely place, in order to regale himself with viands on a fasting-day ; but the devil lays hold of him just as he is going to slice the ham and uncork the bottle, forces him to empty his sleeves of all the dainties concealed in them, and condemns him to fast the harder for it. Thus is *Antolin* exposed to the audience

(*a*) *Father Guardian* is the title given by the Franciscans to the superior of a convent.

for a most vicious and cunning rascal: and I cannot but wonder how the Spanish friars can bear this, and several other plays, in which they are most unmercifully ridiculed. Yet they laugh themselves at the representation of them; for you must know, that in Spain the friars are allowed to frequent the play-houses, in which there is a particular place that is destined to the ecclesiasticks.

Many are the humorous passages in the *Diablo Predicador*, and many the characters in it, that set off each other, chiefly to the disadvantage of the religious orders, the Franciscan in particular. But a nation used to more correctness in works of wit, could not easily be brought to relish this sort of humour, especially so shockingly intermixed with the sentiments of the *Niño* and the *Archangel*, who are certainly not personages to be made subservient to the purpose of diverting an unthinking multitude; nor can any apology be offered for such indecent monstruosities.

strudisities. Yet so blended are the notions of religion with the inclination to merriment in this nation, that this play, as I am told, is always acted to full houses, and always with the greatest applause. As to me, it shocked me several times as I perused it; but I must own that I could not help laughing most immoderately several times likewise.

To *Lope de Vega* and *Calderón de Barca*, we must add *Augustin Moreto*, who holds the third place amongst the Spanish dramatick writers. I know but *six and thirty* of his plays, printed in three 4to. *en Valencia 1676*. What other works he has published I am not acquainted with. Some of *Moreto's* plays are still acted; and, by those I have read, I see that (like his two predecessors) he has great beauties intermixed with great defects. The comedy, which he has entitled *el Caballero*, is considered as one of the master-pieces of the Spanish-stage, and I read it with pleasure.

I know of no Spanish drama that is divided into five acts. The greatest part of them are confined to three, which they do not call *acts*, but *days*; and a Spanish poet is here reckoned a great preserver of the *unity of time*, if he does but limit his action to the space of three days. Yet this unity is often neglected, as well as the other two, about which the French make so much noise, as if there was no possibility to divert and instruct an audience from the stage, but by strictly adhering to them. For my part, I am not at all scrupulous upon this head. Does a poet strictly preserve the unities? So much the better. But when I go to a play, I go with a resolution to give myself up to the delusion of the scene: and provided the poet make his personages speak well in their respective characters, I do not trouble myself much about petty deviations from the *three unities*. Let a plot be ingenious, the course of nature observed, the sentiments just, the wit and humour

humour new, the elocution correct: and a poet may be sure he shall not number me amongst his censurers upon the account of any rule set down by the *Grand Corneille*.

Every comedy is by the poets of this country generally intitled *Comedia famosa*, or *la gran Comedia*. In any other country, people would find fault with him who praised his own work with such epithets; but here they make no more of them, than if they were articles. The *Comedia* may be damned on the first representation, yet it is constantly a *Comedia famosa*.

The Spaniards have several other dramatick compositions, besides their *Autos*, *Loas*, *Tragedies*, *Comedies*, and *Tragi-comedies*. They have the *Sainéte*, which is a kind of farce in one *Act*, or *Jornada*, “*a day.*” It admits of mufick, and is often sung throughout as well as the *Zarzuéla*, which is a kind of *petite piece* in *two acts or two days*.

The lowest of all their dramas are the *Entremés* and the *Mociganga*, which generally consist of one, two, or three scenes at most, the interlocutors seldom more than four, two men and two women. The greater the buffoonry, the most perfect the *Entremés* and the *Mociganga*. I will abuse your patience so much, as to give you the substance of an *Entremés* entitled *the Parish Clerk*, which I found very diverting, in spight of its most unparallel'd absurdity.

A peasant opens the scene with his wife. “What, says he, what are you about, hussey? We have been married three months, and you have not yet brought me a son. Do you imagine that I will suffer you to be so idle? “By Saint Anthony, I will have you do as well as your neighbours, or I'll strangle you. Look at the barber next door. He had as handsome a boy as ever was seen, the very first week he

“ was

" was married ; and the Justice's daughter was brought a bed of another even before the wedding. There is scarce a woman in the whole country, that was not a mother as soon as she was a wife ; and why should you be behind them ? Hark you, hussey. My patience is out. I am going to market to be back against dinner. If you do not bring me a boy against my coming home, I will certainly break your bones."

This speech the poor wife attempts several times to interrupt, and struggles to show him how he owes it to her honesty that he has not yet had his wish ; but the clown is furious, and listens to no reason. He will have a boy directly, or will break her bones. He goes off storming at her impudence in being singular, and will chastise her for her laziness if she has not a boy on his coming from market.

*Enters Parish-Clerk and a neighbour's wife.*

“ What is the matter says the dame,  
 “ What ails your man, that he is run  
 “ out in such a huff? We came hither to  
 “ the noise, and thought he was going to  
 “ beat you. What ails the silly fellow?

She acquaints them both with her hus-  
 band's folly. “ What must I do, neigh-  
 “ bours? Pray give me your advice, and  
 “ help me out of this scrape if you can.  
 “ He will certainly beat me if I do not  
 “ comply.”

“ Such a fool is easily managed, says  
 “ the other woman. We have nothing  
 “ to do, but to palm a child upon him.”

“ How can we contrive this, my good  
 “ neighbour?”

“ We must swaddle up our Parish-  
 “ Clerk here, and lay him down in the  
 “ cradle; then tell your husband, that  
 “ he is the boy you made in compliance  
 “ with his injunctions.”

“ This will do to a wonder, says the  
 “ wife. My husband is so horrible a  
 “ block-

" blockhead, that he will credit it. What  
" say you, Mr. Clerk? Will you be my  
" friend?"

The fellow will not submit to be  
wrapp'd up. " Pray, Mr. Clerk, be so  
kind!" " I wont indeed."—" Indeed  
you must, or I shall be beaten most  
unmercifully. Pray, take pity on a  
poor woman!"

After a short altercation the Clerk sub-  
mits upon a hint, that some of his glan-  
ces have been understood, and that he  
shall be rewarded to his heart's desire if  
he personates the child. Such an offer  
he has not the power to resist, is swad-  
dled up to the chin by the two women,  
and placed in the cradle.

*Enters Husband returned from market, and  
lays down a bunch of onions he has bought  
for dinner.*

" Why, hussey, what have you done?  
" have you—

"Pray, man, do not wake the poor  
"baby. You have a child, and here he  
"is. Look, look!"

"Bless my eyes, this is a monstrous  
"big child! The cradle cannot hold  
"him! What is this?"  
"Mind me, husband. You were so  
"much in earnest, and frightened me  
"so much, that fear made me make him  
"against the common rules. Then you  
"said often, that the Clerk is the hand-  
"somest man in the parish, and I took  
"into my head to make your boy as  
"handsome as he is! Are you satisfied?  
"Why don't you thank me? As soon as  
"he gets up, he shall do your work as  
"well as you. Perhaps better. What  
"do you say, man?"

"I say, that thou art my best wife.  
"He looks indeed every bit as well as  
"the Clerk. I never saw any thing liker  
"in my days. Let us unswaddle him.  
"I dare say he can stand upon two, and  
"sing a song with us. Huzza! I have  
"a boy!

" a boy as fine as the Clerk. Huzza,  
" huzza!"

Thus ends this *Entremés* with singing and dancing, as all *Entreméses* do. I could not help abridging this odd piece of low buffoonery, and am much mistaken if it does not make you smile. The *Mociganga*, is only an *Entremés* more loaded with musick and dancing than the simple *Entremés*.

I must add in favour of these two kinds of compositions, that often they both exhibit very lively pictures of the manners of the lower people in Spain, especially of the inhabitants of small towns, villages, and farm-houses.

The Spaniards have no dramatick composition in prose. At least I have never seen any. The verse chiefly employed both in tragedy and comedy, consists of eight syllables, sometimes rhymed, sometimes not. But with regard to versification, they seem not to confine themselves

to very strict rules, as they often have whole scenes in other metres.

What effect such medley of verses may produce from the mouth of an actor, I cannot tell. The death of the Queen, as I said, has deprived me of the sight of a Spanish drama. In the perusal that medley does not prove delightful to my ear; and I should think also, that verses of eight syllables must render the dialogue rather too slow by the necessity of frequent pauses. But these poets know better without doubt, and have long felt which is the measure that must predominate in their dramas. Nations are never wrong upon this point; and I take it for granted, that custom would soon reconcile me to these metres, which I cannot as yet relish. Coffee and tea did not taste very pleasant the first time. I did not like once the English decasyllables, nor the French Alexandrines. But custom has cured me of my distaste.

Few are the strangers who know that this nation, as well as the Italian, has many good translations of the Greek and Latin classicks, and that the greatest part of those translations were made by order of Philip II, who by the generality of the modern Europeans is only considered as a political King, and not as a learned King, as he was; or at least so far a lover of learning, as to lay out considerable sums to have the classicks in his native tongue. But so few of those translations have been reprinted, that they are now become very scarce; and those among the Spanish grandees, who have the whole collection of them in their libraries, are not a little proud of their treasure.

It will possibly surprize you to hear, that it is also very difficult to collect all the works of *Lope de Vega*, though the most popular poet amongst the Spaniards, and though many parts of them were often reprinted. I am credibly informed that the infant Don Luis, brother to his

Majesty, has charged several of the King's ministers, residing in foreign countries, to buy up any of the first editions of *de Vega's* works, that come in their way. Yet he has not yet been able to form a whole set, though ten years are elapsed since his royal highness thought of it. There is no body (they say) that has an entire set, but the Duke of Medina Sidonia, who has the reputation here of being endowed with a greater share of learning, than any other of the nobles.

I write down what I know on the subject of Spanish literature, as it comes into my head. Being but little, it is not worth the while to think of throwing it into method; and I rely upon your indulgence for the want of it. I thought before I came to Madrid, that it would have been easy to make a collection of the Spanish books of chivalry, of which we have near seventy translated into very good Italian, and all printed in the sixteenth century. But I find that to make

such a collection would prove full as difficult, as to put together all *De Vega's* works, or the Spanish translations of the classicks. The Spaniards quickly buy up any book of chivalry that comes in their way; and happy is he, who can show the largest number. I am told, that the countess of Oropesa has a perfect collection of them at her castle in the village of that name, which was mentioned in one of my former letters.

As for plays, especially tragi-comedies, the Spaniards have several thousands. Some pretend near seven; which to me appears incredible, though I am persuaded that they have more than we, who can reckon about four thousand, good and bad. I am also told, that out of their seven thousand, they have above three hundred which are standing plays; I mean that are actually exhibited in the two theatres of this metropolis. Neither the French nor the English can count so many, as their audiences can scarcely bear the

the representation of a hundred out of their national stock. However, I must say likewise, that as far as my judgment can go, the French and English audiences are much nicer than the Spanish. If there are many scenes in a play, that will make them laugh, the Spaniards will easily put up with it; and they will laugh at things, that would put a French or an English audience out of humour.

This however is a subject, on which I cannot say much, as what idea I have of the Spanish audience, arises merely from conjectures formed on the perusal of their most popular dramas. A Spanish poet must absolutely exhibit some burlesque character, even in the most bloody tragedy, if he will have a chance of succeeding; and to have the sentiments and passions of kings and heroes intermingled with the wit and humour of inferior personages, is an assemblage, that would not be born upon the stages of England and France.

You

You know the name of Quevedo, whose visions or dreams are translated into Italian as well as in all the other polite languages of Europe. Little more than those visions is known out of Spain, of the works of this writer; but I am possessed of five thick quartos, by which I find, that he attempted greater things than works of mere wit and humour. He meddled much with history; politicks, and divinity; and the Spaniards rank him amongst their greatest poets. His biographer informs us, that he was a man of family, well versed in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Arabick, possessing besides several of the modern languages. His chief excellence however, seems to have consisted in wit and humour, and his *Life of the Gran Tacano* is a picture of the wicked and lowest vulgar, scarcely to be match'd in any language. *Tacano* means *a low cheat, a cunning low fellow.*

Amongst the modern writers of Spain, the most renowned is a Benedictine Monk called

called *Father Feyjoo*. I have seen an edition of his works in eight volumes 4to. He is still living and still writing; but I have not read enough of those volumes, to venture upon his character as an author. By what I have cursorily seen, I cannot say he would be looked upon on the other side the Pireneans with the great veneration that is paid him in Spain. Nevertheless, it is a rule with me, that a man universally esteemed by his countrymen during several years, as it is the case with him, must be endowed with uncommon powers, be his weaknesses and faults ever so numerous. The Spanish minute Critics have attack'd him severally: and I take it for granted, that sometimes they were in the right; it is so easy a matter to be sometimes right, when hunting for faults and weaknesses even in the best writers! Yet *Feyjoo's* general powers have stood the malignant virulence of all Spanish Reviewers, whose wise remarks have been forgotten as soon as read; just

as it happens in England, where minute critics are no less plentiful than oysters and muscles.

Next to *Feyjoo* the Spaniards rank Father *Sarmiento*, Father *Flores*, and Father *Buriel*, the first a Benedictine like *Feyjoo*, the second an Augustine, and the third a Jesuit. One would almost think that the learning of Spain, like that of all Europe in the dark ages, is here confined to cloysters. I have not yet had an opportunity of reading any of the things that have been published by these three writers; nor indeed of any other living Spaniard, except the *HISTORIA del famoso Predicador Fray Gerundio*, written by *De Lista*, another Jesuit, of which I will give you a short sketch.

This book, of which only the first volume is published, is a 4to. of about four hundred pages, prolegomena included. It was printed in this town only two years ago.

The chief drift of this work is to mend the Spanish pulpit by turning into ridicule the bad preachers, who, it seems, are very numerous throughout this kingdom.

To bring about this laudable end, Father *De Lista*, (who has not prefixed his name to his book) gives us the life and character of *Gerundio*, a man born of very mean parents, and most absurdly educated.

*Gerundio's* parents are abundantly endowed with the numerous prejudices that rustics have throughout Spain. Amongst other of their qualifications, they are most stupidly friar-ridden; so that, no small part of their income is lavished in acts of hospitality to friars of all orders, who are always sure of a meal and a bed whenever they go through *Campázas*, an obscure village where they reside.

Many therefore are the friars that *Gerundio* becomes acquainted with, before he reaches the years of adolescence, and

many

many are the strange and ridiculous notions he picks up from several of them; which notions are all faithfully deposited in the treasure of his tenacious memory.

Being yet a child, poor *Gerundio* is sent to learn his letters of a country school-master, whose stock of ignorance and presumption is considerable enough. To give but an instance, out of many, of this school-master's character, you must know that he has looked into many systems of orthography; but having great objections to each, he has struck out one of his own, in which, amongst the chief rules that he prescribes and inculcates to his pupils in the most strenuous manner, one is, that *the names of small things must begin in writing with a minuscular letter, and the names of great things with a majuscular*. Thus a *mouse* (for instance) is to be written with a small *m*, and a *Mountain* with a great one. Woe to the boy who happens to err against this or any other of his rules! He cannot escape a severe

vere whipping; but *Gerundio* is never whipped, because the more absurd the precept, the better he remembers it.

Very lively are the colours with which Father *De Lilla* paints successively the various characters of poor *Gerundio's* teachers, and of the several blockheads from whom he gradually imbibes ridiculous notions.

From school to school, *Gerundio* rises to the highest pinnacle of extravagance in thinking. From vicious orthography and vicious pronunciation, he is lifted up to puns and quibbles; then ascends to anagrams and acrosticks; then mounts up to quaint conceits and Leonine verses; and so higher and higher every day. Nor is he yet sixteen when we see him so hardened in error, as to leave no further hopes for reformation. His mind is become so perfectly dark by this time, in which he turns friar, that the strongest arguments against his notions of eloquence, urged in the plainest manner by

two or three learned and sensible amongst his superiors, not only prove ineffectual, but increase his perverseness ; and he pushes on in his career with the most undaunted tranquillity, despising every day more and more all that is natural and of easy attainment, for ever puzzling his poor brains to discover new avenues to difficult bombast and far-fetched nonsense.

Such are the chief outlines of *Fray Gerundio*, a preacher of the first magnitude. *De Lista* has not failed to give us specimens of his first sermons, with a view, as I said, of reforming the Spanish pulpit, and making the bad preachers of his country ashamed of themselves. He published his book in this town, decorated with a good number of approbations obtained from several of the most learned and respectable people in Spain, to whom he communicated it, while yet in manuscript. The inquisitors them-

selves encouraged him to this (*a*) publication, and bore testimony in writing to the laudableness of his work, which they were of opinion would in a good measure bring about the wish'd-for reformation.

*La Historia del famoso Predicador Fray Gerundio* (says Father Alonso Cano, one of the revisors for the inquisition) *es uno de aquellos felices pensamientos que sugiere por ultimo recurso el apuro o el despecha en trances apretados, al ver frustrados los medios mas directos y propios.* “The history of the preacher Gerundio is one of those lucky expedients that indignation or hard necessity suggests when the best means have proved ineffectual.” And a few lines further;

(*a*) Mr. Clark says, that this Father (whom he calls a Doctor) “has been persecuted and silenced by the Inquisitors,” upon the account of Fray Gerundio. But the fact is as I represent it here. The Inquisition, far from condemning the book, approved of it, and the approbation is printed at the head of it. But Mr. Clark is always so angry at the Inquisition! He must run it down by all manner of means, and I have no objection to his zeal when it is supported by truth.

*Tampoco se desentenderà al observar algo  
cargada la dosis de sales causticas y corrosivas  
de que no se curan con agua rosada las gan-  
grenas.* “Nor are we to find fault if the  
“dose of caustic and corrosive salts is some-  
“what too strong, as cancers are not to be  
“cured with rose-water.”

Notwithstanding the approbation of the inquisition, and of several of the most learned amongst the Spanish clergy, some Orders, especially the Dominicans and Mendicants, rose up against this book as soon as it was printed. They represented to the King (and indeed with very good reason,) that the respect due to the ministers of the gospel, would be too much diminished by such a piece of merciless criticism, and all religious orders rendered ridiculous in the eyes of the vulgar; the consequence of which would be a relaxation, if not a subversion, of the religion of the country.

This, and other such arguments, urged by the friars with the greatest vehemence,

and supported also by several bishops; obliged the council of Castile to take the book into their most serious consideration, which produced a suppression and prohibition of it, rather for the sake of peace than from any other motive.

It is therefore very difficult at present to get a copy of it, as a great number of them were destroyed in consequence of the council's order. Yet I have had the good luck to procure one, and have already perused it with the greatest pleasure. As to language and style, few nations, in my humble opinion, have any thing finer than *Fray Gerundio*, and the present age has not produced a more humorous performance. Indeed I think the Spaniards quite right, who put it upon a par in many respects with the celebrated work of *Cervantes*. The *Fray* would have proved as destructive to the Spanish *books of sermons*, as the *Don* was to those of *knight-errantry*. Father *De Lista* had a second volume ready, but the prohibition

of

of the first put a stop to the publication of the second, which now runs in manuscript, and is said to be quite equal to the first.

In one respect, however, this modern *Cervantes* is inferior to the old. He has stuffed some of his chapters with too much declamation against a Portuguese book that was not worth a long confutation, and with some episodical criticisms on foreign learning, in which he talks with too much presumption and peremptoriness of what he was but indifferently qualified to talk of. These two errors, not only expose his ignorance in foreign learning, and ridiculous parade of erudition, but unseasonably interrupt the story, with which he ought to have gone on without ever stopping, had he even been fully qualified for those criticisms. But, as far as I can see, this is the general defect of the Spanish writers both ancient and modern. They must show away, and interlard every performance with much

much learning, though ever so remote from their subject.

Only one word more about this book of *Fray Gerundio*. The manners of the Spanish friars and Spanish vulgar are described in it to admiration.

Let me now give you some account of another work of a quite different cast from that of Father *De Lijla*.

You know that at the *Escurial* there is a vast library, in which, amongst thousands of valuable manuscripts in various languages, there is a large number of Arabic, of which the learned world has long wished for an account.

Several attempts have been made at different times to gratify that wish; but always in vain, until King Ferdinand, who was predecessor to his present Majesty, commanded Doctor Michael (a) *Cafiri* to assume this undertaking.

This *Cafiri*, a Syro-Maronite by birth, who has long been the King's librarian

(a) Mr. Clark calls him *Syri*.

at the Escurial, has at last after many years labour published a volume (to be followed by several more) intitled **BIBLIOTHECA ARABICO-HISPANA ESCURIALENSIS**, *five librorum omnium MSS. quos Arabicè ab auctoribus magnam partem Arabo-Hispanis compositos Bibliotheca cænobii Escurialensis complectitur. Recensio et explanatione opera et studio MICHAELIS CASIRI, Syro-Maronitæ, Presbyteri, S. Theologæ Doctoris, &c. TOMUS PRIOR.*

This book, just come out of the press in this town, is a folio of about 550 pages, printed with the best types on the best paper; and the manuscripts noted down in it, amount to the number (*a*) of 1628, arranged under twelve heads; that is

(*a*) They amount to 1630, though the last is marked 1628. Mere chance has made me observe, that the class of the **POETICI** begins by mistake with the number 268, when it ought to be marked 270, as the preceding class of the **RHETORICI** ends with the number 269, by another mistake marked 259.

*Grammatici.*

*Rhetorici.*

*Poetici.*

*Philologici et Miscellanei.*

*Lexicographi.*

*Philosophi.*

*Ethici et Politici.*

*Medici.*

*Ad Historiam Naturalem pertinentes.*

*Theologici.*

*Dogmatici, Scholastici, Morales, &c.*

*Christiani.*

Many and very curious are the notices that *Casiri* gives us in his *Bibliotheca*, which he could never have compiled, were he not a most stupendous master of the oriental tongues, and full-fraught with the most extensive erudition. But I am writing a letter and not a volume; therefore I pass over a multitude of those notices, and will only skim over a few.

In the division entitled **M E D I C I** there are several Arabic versions from the Greek of **HIPPOCRATES, GALEN, and**

**DIOS-**

DIOSCORIDES, with several commentaries by the Arabic interpreters, besides a number of original works by several Arabic physicians, amongst which RASIS, who was a native of Persia; AVICENNA, the son of a Persian, but born at *Bokhara* in Arabia; BAITAR, a native of *Málaga* in Spain; and MAIMONIDES, of Jewish extraction, born at *Córdova*.

Still under this division, Dr. *Cafiri* gives us (in his own Latin from the Arabic) the lives of the above seven personages, besides those of PLATO and ARISTOTLE, part of whose works, as it appears by this *Bibliotheca*, the Arabians had severally translated, as well as those of *Hippocrates*, *Galen*, and *Dioscorides*.

In the division entitled *Ad HISTORIAM NATURALEM pertinentes*, under the account of the codex that has the number CMI, we have a catalogue of those Arabic authors who wrote on *husbandry*.

The

The division intitled **THEOLOGICI**, is chiefly made up with manuscripts of the Alcoran, and with commentaries upon it.

Only eleven codexes form the division that is intitled **CHRISTIANI**. The second of them is *a confutation of the Alcoran*, written both in Arabic and Latin, by a Roman Friar; and the last is a **Grammatica Trilinguis**; that is, of the Arabic, Persian, and Turkish tongues, with a version in Latin in every opposite page.

But the division that took most of my attention, is that which is entitled **POETICI**. The manuscripts numbered under this division amount to the number of *two hundred and twenty-one*, of which *thirty-one* are in folio, *one hundred and five* in quarto, and the remaining *eighty-five* in octavo. Yet you are not to think, that the whole division contains nothing but poets. *Cafiri* has brought under it both

both the writers of poetry and the writers upon poetry, especially critics and commentators. I am very angry this very moment with my fate, that did not direct me to the study of the Arabic language, that I might go to the Escurial to read those two hundred and twenty-one volumes, or understand at least the short specimens out of them, which the doctor has brought into his book. How the Roman Arcadians would stare to hear me expatiate, on my return, upon the merits of the sublime poets *Zohair*, *Abulol*, *Mahlab*, *Abdelmagid*, or the immortal commentators *Alsaied*, *Khalil*, *Abdalla*, *Fadalla*, and a hundred others !

Several specimens of Arabic poetry Doctor *Cafri* has turned into Latin prose; but acknowledging upon a certain occasion, that in his literal version they appear rather childish than otherwise, he adds these words by way of apology.

*Hæc carmina, si sensum spectes, peracuta sunt; si verba, haud parum ingeniosa. Ce-*

*terūm, ut in aliis contingit linguis, Arabici  
versus in alteram linguam conversi, non eam  
gratiam ac dulcedinem servant, quam apud  
se et domi habent: nec mirum, unus enim  
quisque sermo quandam elocutionis vim ac  
legem habet planè ab ea diversum, quæ in  
ceteris obtinet.*

In English, thus.

“ These verses, with respect to the  
“ sentiment, are very acute, and the ex-  
“ pression is ingenious. But it happens  
“ to Arabian poetry, as to poetry in other  
“ languages, that it loses by translation  
“ its native grace and melody: nor is this  
“ to be wondered at, since every language  
“ has its own peculiar phraseology and  
“ force of expression different from those  
“ of other tongues.”

To this remark, which must be ob-  
vious to any one who knows but two  
languages well, *Casiri* adds a digression of  
his own, which he intitles *Arabicæ Poëseos  
Specimen et Pretium.*

In this digression we are told, that the Arabs cultivated poetry with the greatest ardour: that the great people amongst them, were most liberal to their great poets: that early in the morning of some stated days, the poets of Fez used to assemble at the house of the governor to recite verses in praise of Mahomet to a vast concourse of people; and that he, whose verses were most applauded, received a hundred golden ducats, a rich robe, a fine horse, and a pretty maiden. The rest of the poets had but fifty ducats a piece: that in more remote ages, great skill in poetry intitled to nobility: that when any poet endowed with uncommon powers came to a town, the women belonging to this and that tribe, would go to meet him with timbrels and other musical instruments in their hands, as they did when going to a nuptial feast; would treat him with a sumptuous dinner, and point him out to children as a pattern for imitation. The poet *Alaeldin* (adds *Casiri*)

received once five thousand golden ducats (*nummi aurei*) from *Malek Aldhaer Bibar* king of Egypt, for two disticks only, which (this I will add myself) would not in our days fetch five-pence from any monarch living. The distichs I will transcribe, that you may have a guess at their worth.

*Moerore ne afficiaris. Quod deus decrevit,  
illud erit; quodque inevitabili decreto statu-  
tum est, fiet.*

*At inter motum et quietem ex momento  
res componitur, et negotium hoc facile red-  
detur.*

I suppose that in the original Arabick, the two distichs are very fine; yet modern sovereigns know better the value of five thousand ducats than to bestow them upon distichs, be they ever so excellent.

Suffer me now to transcribe some paragraphs out of *Cafiri's* digression on Arabick poetry, as they contain several singularities which seem very curious.

*Jam vero Arabes Europæorum more nec tragædias nec comædias agunt: an verò scripserint, altum apud scriptores silentium; in hac tamen nostrâ Bibliothecâ una, vel altera comædia Arabice conscripta occurrit, de quâ suo loco. Græcorum fabulas suis carminibus non miscent: à deorum nominibus, ut ab ipsa idolatria, maximè abhorrent. Sunt tamen ipsi non de sunt fabulæ, eorum genio et religioni accommodatæ. Sub fictis personis herorum virtutes extollunt, præclaraque illorum gesta celebrant: in vitia acriter invehuntur, corruptosque mores prescribunt: quo quidem in genere plures magni nominis inter ipsos viri excelluere.*

Now the Arabs do not, like the Europeans, act either tragedies or comedies: nor does any author inform us, that they have written such poems: we have however in our library one or two comedies written in Arabic, of which I shall speak elsewhere. There is not in their poetry any intermixture of Grecian mythology; for they hold in the utmost abhorrence the names as well as the worship of heathen deities. They have however fables of their own, adapted to their own genius and religion. They extol the virtues of heroes and celebrate their achievements under feigned personages. They inveigh against vice and satyrize corruption of manners; and in this species of poetry they have had some writers who have eminently excelled.

*Arabica ergo poesis, ut  
in cæteris linguis, suis as-  
tringitur numerorum legi-  
bus; alia tamen et planè di-  
versâ ratione, ut mox pate-  
bit. Hinc omnia ferè poeseos  
genera, quæ Græcis ac La-  
tinis artibus traduntur, ha-  
bet et Arabica, videlicet car-  
mina, elegias, epigrammata,  
odas, satyras, &c. quæ om-  
nia simul collectâ Divan, id  
est Academica dicuntur:  
quo quidem titulo poctarum  
opera inscribi solent.*

*Arabibus placuit poesim  
Scheer, pilum scilicet, di-  
cere, ejusque structuram  
structuræ tentorii ex pilis  
caprinis, chordis et paxillis  
elaborati comparare: qua-  
propter versus Bait dici-  
tur, quasi perfecti metri  
structura, ædificiumque ab-  
solutum.*

Arabic poetry therefore, like that in other languages, is confined to certain laws of metre; but those of a peculiar kind, as will presently appear. There are to be found in Arabic almost all those kinds of poetry which we have received from the Greeks and the Latins; namely, idylliums, elegies, epigrams, odes, satires, &c. all which taken together, pass under the general title of *Divan*; that is to say, *Academica*: with which title the writings of their poets are usually inscribed.

The Arabians call their poetry (that is, the metrical part of it) by the word *Scheer*; that is, hair (or hair-skin,) and compare its structure to the structure of a tent made of goats-hair (or goats-skin) and compacted with chords and stakes: for which reason a verse is called *Bait* (*a house,*) as

being a structure of finished metre, and as it were, a compleat building.

*Versus Arabicus syllabis longis et brevibus constat, ex quibus quatuor formantur pedes, quorum primus chorda levis dicitur, dupli syllaba praeditus, longa et brevi, sive, ut Arabes loquuntur, litera consonante mota et quiescente: secundus chorda gravis, cuius utraque consonans mota est: tertius palus conjunctus appellatur, cuius duæ priores consonantes sunt motæ, ultima vero quiescens; quartus palus disjunctus, in quo litera quiescens inter utramque motam intercedit.*

An Arabic verse consists of long and short syllables, out of which they form four feet, the first of which is called the *light chord*, being made up of two syllables, one long, the other short; or, as the Arabians express it, a consonant *moved*, and a consonant *quiescent*: the second foot is called the *heavy (or grave) chord*, consisting of consonants which are *moved* (that is, have a vowel annexed to them not *quiescent*, but pronounced): the third foot is called the *conjoined stake* (proceeding smoothly and uninterruptedly,) having its two first consonants *moved*, and its last *quiescent*: the fourth foot is called the *disjoined stake*, in which a *quiescent* letter stands between two others, each of which is

moved (that is, pronounced with a vowel).

*Ex hujusmodi pedibus  
versus partes componuntur,  
alternatim sibi mutuo succe-  
dientibus chordis et paxillis,  
ex quorum diversa copula-  
tione varia carminum gene-  
ra exsilunt. Metricam au-  
tem quantitatem, seu men-  
suram Arabes hisce vocabu-  
lis exprimere solent, videli-  
cet MOSTAFELON, qua  
voce tres pedes denotantur.  
nempe chorda levis, palus  
disjunctas, et iterum chorda  
levis : FAELATON,  
quo nomine tres quoque pe-  
des exprimuntur, scilicet  
chorda levis, palus con-  
junctus, et chorda levis :  
FAULON, ubi nempe duo  
pedes occurunt, quorum  
prior palus conjunctus, al-  
ter chorda levis est : Mo-  
TAFAILON, quæ quidem  
vox tres pedes, nempe  
chordam gravem, chorda-  
m levem, et palum con-  
junctum designat : MOTA-  
FAILATON, quo tres pedes  
denotantur, scilicet palus  
con-*

Of these feet the parts of their verse are composed, the chords and the stakes following each other alternately, from the different combination of which, their poems receive their different denominations. Metrical quantity, or measure, the Arabians denote by the following technical terms. MOSTAFELON, which denotes a series of three feet ; namely, a *light chord*, a *disjoined stake*, and again a *light chord*: FAELATON, by which they understand likewise three feet ; first, a *light chord*, secondly a *conjoined stake*, and lastly a *light chord*. FAULON, which denotes a combination of two feet only, the first of which is a *conjoined stake*, the other a *light chord*: MOTAFAILON, which denotes three feet ; a *grave chord*, a *light chord*, and a *conjoined stake*;

Mo-

conjunctus, chorda gravis, et chorda levis.

MOTAFAILATON, by which are understood three feet in a series; namely, a *conjoined stake*, a *grave chord*, and a *light chord*.

*Arabicorum ergo versuum dimensio et quantitas non nisi in certo, ac alterno consonantium mobilium et quiescentium numero constitit: qui duplex est, Metricus et Rhythmicus. Prior alternis constat pedibus; posterior, praeter pedum numerum, syllabis similiter desinentibus in fine singulorum versuum gaudet. Hic interdum alternus, ut in epigrammatis, odis, &c. accidit: perpetuus aliquando est; sed in solo carmine quod plures quam septem continet versus.*

The mensuration therefore, and quantity of the Arabic verse, consists in nothing but in the determinate and alternate number of moveable and quiescent consonants: This is twofold, *Metrical* and *Rhythrical*. The former consists of alternate feet only; the latter, besides its regular number of feet, requires that each verse terminate in syllables of the same sound (that is, in rhyme). This is sometimes alternate, as in epigrams, odes, &c. and sometimes successive; but only in such poems as consist of more than seven verses.

*Singuli versus duobus constant hemistichiis, quæ simul sumta stichon, seu integrum versum conficiunt.*

Hemi-

Each verse consists of two hemisticks, which taken together make up one intire verse. Either of

*Hemislichium alterutrum  
Foris, seu Janua appellatur,  
utrumque simul bifores,  
sumtâ metaphorâ ab  
ostio quod duabus hinc inde  
foribus clauditur.*

Priorem hemistichii partem accessum vocant, posteriorem verò propositionem, ultimam tandem syllabam posterioris hemistichii, quæ reddit consimilem desinentis

the two hemisticks is called a *door* or *gate*; both put together, a *bivalve*, or *double gate*, by a metaphor taken from a gateway, which is shut on each side by a *valve* or *folding-door*.

The former part of the hemistick, they call the *(a) access* (or approach;) the latter the *proposition*; the last syllable of the latter hemistick, which gives

(a) As the Arabians dwelt in tents, we are not surprised at their taking their metaphors from objects about which they were so frequently employed, and applying them to what Milton calls the building of verse. The word rendered by Casiri Accessus, is translated by Golius in his Arabic Lexicon anterior pars pectoris, five thorax. It may very well therefore signify the anterior part or porch of the tent. The next word Propositio is more obscurely expressed. The original is derived from a word signifying to offer or present any thing; and it is translated by Golius palus tentorii. As this palus tentorii was the vestibule or threshold of the tent, first presenting itself before you entered the interior part, hence I conceive it took its name, and afterwards became a technical term in metre. But the word propositio conveys no such idea, as far as I can see.

*nentis sonum, pulsationem appellant.*

*Ex chordis, palisque alio atque alio ordine dispositis quindecim carminum genera deducuntur, quæ et quinque periodis, seu circulis continentur.*

*Primus circulus, qui VARIUS nuncupatur, tria carminum genera complectitur, videlicet longum, extensum, et expansum, quæ syllabis decem longis, et quatuor brevibus, seu quatuordecim motis & decem quiescentibus constant: ubi animadvertisendum est tria hujusmodi genera inter se distingui, non quidem ob majorem, vel minorem syllabarum quantitatem, sed solum ob quiescentes et motas literas, quæ alium et alium in carmine obtinent gradum.*

*Secundus circulus vocatur COMPOSITUS, quo continetur duo carminum genera,*

*vide-*

gives the rhyme, they call the *pulsation* (or *knocking*).

From the different order and position of the chords and stakes, arise fifteen kinds of verses, which are comprised in five periods or circles.

The first circle, which is styled **VARIOUS** (or *variegated*) comprehends three kinds of verses, the long, the extended, and the expanded; which consist of ten long syllables and four short ones, or of fourteen moved and ten quiescent: where it must be observed, that these three kinds are distinguished from each other, not on account of the greater or less quantity of their syllables, but merely on account of the letters either moved or quiescent, which accordingly are ranked in different degrees.

The second circle is styled the **COMPOSITE**, under which are contain-

ed

*videlicet perfectum et copiosum. Utrumque motas habet quindecim, quiescentes sex diverso ordine dispositas: prioris mensura MOTAFAAALON sexies sumtum, secundi MOFAALATON sex quoque vicibus repetitum.*

ed two kinds of verses, the *perfect* and the *copious*. Each has fifteen letters that are *moved*, and six *quiescent*, placed in a different order : the measure of the first kind is MOTAFAAALON repeated six times ; the measure of the other is MOFAALATON, which likewise is six times successively repeated.

*Tertius circulus SIMILIS appellatur; eoque spectant tria carminum genera, cantilena, satyra, et breve carmen, quorum quodlibet duodecim consonantes motas, et octo habet quiescentes.*

The third circle is called *SIMILAR*; to which belong three kinds of poems, the *ode* (or *song*,) the *satyr*, and the *idyllium* (or shorter kind of poem), each of which contains twelve consonants that are *moved*, and eight *qui-*  
*escent*.

*Quartus circulus dicitur CONTRACTUS, ad quem pertinet sex carminum species, nempe carmen velox, emissum, leve, simile,*

con-

The fourth circle is called the *CONTRACTED*; under which are comprised six species of verse; the *quick*, the (b.) *ejacula-*  
*tory*

(a) *The three first and the last of these six words convey in the original very nearly the same idea. They are words signifying the quick, impetuous, and abrupt motion of an animal,*

concisum, convulsu[m], tory (or *impetuous*), the quorum singula ex motis light, the similar, the con-duodecim, quiescentibus cise, and the convulsed (or novem constant. abrupt), each of which consists of twelve letters that are moved and nine quiescent.

*Quintus circulus appellatur CONSENTIENS, ad quem unum dumtaxat carminis genus refertur conjunctum nomine, quod ex duodecim motis et septem quiescentibus contextitur.*

*Hicce quindecim carminum generibus jam enumeratis addunt alii et decimumsextum, quod vocant duorum generum rhythmum Dhubait, ubi singula hemi-*

The fifth circle is called the **CONCORDANT**, to which one kind of verse, only belongs, styled the *conjoined*; this is made up of twelve consonants that are moved, and seven quiescent.

To these fifteen kinds of verses already enumerated, others add a sixteenth, which they call the *double rhymed Dhubait*, in which each hemistick ends

mal, such as a horse leaping, or a stag bounding in its course. I think *impetuous* would be a better translation of *emissum* than *ejaculating*, and *abrupt* a better word than *convulsed*. They relate to the metre and not to the subject matter of composition.

N. B. The author of this book owes this and the foregoing note, as well as the greatest part of the English translation of this long passage, to the learned Mr. Wheeler, professor of poetry at Oxford.

*bemischia sunt rbythmica : de eo Arabes poetæ acriter inter se decertant, eo etiam Persæ vehementer delectantur.*

*Hujusmodi præceptis non adeò religiose astringitur Arabia poesis, ut poetis syllabas addere, vel detrahere aliquando non liceat ; maximè cum id sententiæ gravitas, epiphonema, aut sensus acumen postulant : eujusmodi licentia vel apud maximos cum Græcos, tum Latinos poetas exempla pas- sim obversantur.*

ends with a rhyme. This is a great object of contention with the Arabian poets, and is what the Persians are much delighted with.

The Arabick poetry is not so scrupulously observant of these laws, but that their writers may be sometimes at liberty either to add or retrench a syllable or two : especially, when either a weighty and pithy sentence, or an epiphonema, or a poignant and acute sentiment seems to require it : and liberties of this kind often occur both in the Greek and Latin poets of the first repute.

*Additionem syllabarum in carmine Arabes Tarphil, Græci Prothesin appellant, ubi carminis genus uno auctum pede, cæsuram motafaalon mutat in motafaalaton ; earumdem autem rejectio, vel neglectus Arabicè Athram, Græce Aphæresis dicitur atque hæc*

The addition of one or more syllables in a verse the Arabians call by the word *Tarphil*, the Greek by the word *Prothesis*; in this case the verse, when enlarged by one foot, changes the *cosma motafaalon* into that of *mota-faalaton*; the abridging

*de Arabicâ poesi pro nostro instituto dicta sint; qui verò plura curiosius quæsierit, consulat inter Latinos P. Philippum Guadagnoli in opere Latino-Arabico de Arabicæ Linguæ Institutionibus, Romæ edito anno MDCXLII, ubi omnem artem Arabici metri, quam elegantissimis versibus est prosecutus poetarum facile princips Dhialdinus, cognomento Alkhazragæus, patria Hispanus, laudatus pater Latinè reddidit: ad cuius operis calcem variam etiam Poeseos Arabicæ specimena occurrunt.*

or dropping of syllables at the end is called by the Arabians *Athram*, by the Greeks *Aphæresis*; and let this suffice concerning the Arabick poetry, as far as relates to my present purpose: He who is curious enough to desire further information upon this article, may consult (among others who have treated this subject in Latin) Father Philip Guadagnoli in a work published at Rome in Latin and Arabick in the year 1642. intitled *Institutions of the Arabick language*. In this book Guadagnoli has rendered into Latin the whole system of Arabick metre, which *Dhialdin* furnamec Alkhazragæus, by birth a Spaniard, the first of poets, has given us in most elegant verse: at the end of which treatise we are also presented with various specimens of Arabick poetry.

I hope

I hope this long quotation from Casiri's work will prove acceptable, as it gives an idea of Arabick prosody, which is a thing not easily got at in books. But is it not surprizing, that a nation so fond of poetry, as the Arabs seem to have been, and possessed once of large tracts of land in three parts of the world, should never think of having theatrical exhibitions, and neither write tragedies nor comedies? What difference between nations and nations!

That the Arabs were great lovers of poetry, the manuscripts in the Escorial are undenialble witnesses. In that which is marked with the number CCCLIV, there are two catalogues of poetical writers, of whom little now remains but their names in that manuscript. The first list contains *thirty* of those names, the second *one hundred and two*: and in the number following there is another catalogue of *fifty-nine* more.

The

The manuscript marked CCCCLVI, contains a collection of EPIGRAMMATA de *præpostera libidine*, intitled *puerorum descriptiones*. The collector was one *Badereldin*, of whom doctor *Casiri* speaks thus, “*Homo perditissimus, ex viginti poetis qui de hujusmodi argumento scripsere, curiose nimis collegit, collectaque in hunc librum congescit. Epigrammata, si obscenitatem omittes, elegantissima dixeris.*” That is; a most profligate man, who too carefully collected (these epigrams) and formed this book out of twenty poets that wrote upon this subject. Overlook the obscenity, and you will say that the epigrams are very elegant.

But it seems that *Badereldin* and the twenty poets, from which he collected the epigrams, were not the only wicked writers of their nation. *Casiri* under the number CCLXXI, gives this account of *Abulol*, a native of Syria, who died blind in 1057. “*Eum ex carminibus, ut ingeniosum et acutum poetam, ita quoque mi-*

*"minime religiosum esse appetet quod Christianam religionem, ac Judaicam et Mahometanam sectas impudentissime saepius derideat."* That is: It appears that this ingenious and witty poet was not at all religious; as he often and most impudently derided the Christian religion, as well as the Judaick and Mahometan sects.

The Arabick poets preserved in the Escorial, were not all natives of Spain. Casiri's title to his book tells you so. A certain number of them were Asiaticks and Africans, and a few of them born even before the times of Mahomet. When Philip II made his intention known of collecting the Arabick writers in that library, many people who had Arabick manuscripts in their possession, failed not to pay their court to their sovereign by presenting the library with them. A large number was thus put together; and as the successors of that monarch persisted long in the same scheme, many additions were made to the

the library of those books that the *Morisco's* had concealed at the time of their expulsion in several parts of the kingdom, from whence they were not allowed to carry them off. In some Spanish and Latin letters of the unfortunate *Antonio Perez*, who was secretary to Philip II, (printed at Paris without a date,) on the reverse of p. 93. is mentioned a *libro de mano antigua que se attribuye a Salomon, que està en san Lorenzo el Real, y el Emperador Carlos truxo con otros del saco de Túnez*; that is, "a book written in an old hand, attributed to Solomon, which is deposited in the Escorial's library, and was brought with some other by the Emperor Charles V from the pillaged town of Tunis." But what contributed most to fill the shelves of the library, was an accident recorded by several Spanish authors, and most particularly by one who wrote the (a) *HISTORIA de la*

(a) The name of this author is unknown. His history is preserved in the King's library at Madrid. Casiri has this

*Vida y Hechos del Rey Don Phelipe Tercero.*

*A HISTORY of the Life and Actions of Philip III.* His words are these. “ *El Gobernador Pedro de Lara, corriendo el mar de Berberia, llegó junto a Sale y encontró con dos navios en que iba la cámara del Rey Zidan de Marruecos; y haviendo peleado con ellos, los rindió. Halló entre otras cosas preciosas mas de mil cuerpos de libros en Lengua Arabe, de Medicina, Philosophia, y buon Gobierno, iluminados y escritos con gran costa (vilos antes que se llevassen al Escorial; ) y el Zidan tuvo esta perdida por la mayor, y ofreció al Rey por su rescate grande suma, en cantidad de setenta mil ducados.* La respuesta fue entregasse todos los esclavos Christianos que se hallassen en su reyno, y con essos rescatarian los libros. *El moro venía en ello, si las guerras civiles que trahia con un Morabito y con su Sobrino Muley Xeque, dieran lugar à*

*anecdote out of that historian in his preface, which he backs with collateral authorities.*

este

" este intento. Y viendo nuestro Catholico  
 " Rey que el (a) suyo no llegaba hasta com-  
 " plir su deseo, mandò llevar la libreria al  
 " convento Real de San Lorenzo el del  
 " Escorial."

In English, thus.

" Governor Pedro de Lara cruising on  
 " the Barbary-coast, sailed near Salee, and  
 " met with two ships that contained the  
 " wardrobe of Zidan king of Morocco. He  
 " fought and took them; and found in them,  
 " amongst other precious things, more than  
 " three thousand Arabic books of Physic,  
 " Philosophy and Politics well limned and  
 " fairly written. I saw them before they  
 " were taken to the Escurial. Zidan con-  
 " sidered this loss as very great, and offered

(a) For the sake of those amongst my readers who understand Spanish, I must say that I have copied this anecdote exactly as it stands in Casiri's Preface; therefore if the last period of it should prove obscure, the fault is not mine. I do not see whether the pronoun suyo relates to intento or to Rey. If to intento, the period proves inelegantly dark; and if to Rey, no grammar can be made out of it. Perhaps some word has been dropp'd by the Printer of Casiri's book.

"to buy them back of the King for seventy  
 "thousand ducats. The answer was that  
 "he should have them back if he would set  
 "at liberty all the Christian captives he had  
 "in his kingdom. The Moor would have  
 "agreed to the condition, had it not been  
 "for the war he was engaged in against a  
 "Morabite, and against his own cousin  
 "Muley Xeque. Our Catholick King  
 "seeing that his wish was not complied with,  
 "ordered that the library should be taken to  
 "the Royal Convent of St. Laurence at the  
 "Escurial."

Dr. Casiri, wherever he mentions in  
 his *Bibliotheca* any of the books that went  
 to the Escurial by means of that capture,  
 takes care to distinguish them from the  
 rest by adding these words to the account  
 of each : *Ex Regia Bibliotheca Marochana.*

But if an accident enriched the Escu-  
 rial, another impoverished it, and went  
 near to annihilate it. In the year 1671.  
 a casual fire burned the upper parts of  
 that noble edifice, and greatly injured a  
 large

large hall that was entirely filled up with Arabick manuscripts, of which near two thousand perished in the conflagration. It is melancholy to think of the many libraries recorded in history, that have been destroyed by fire. For my part I am not much pleased with the custom of forming large collections of books and depositing them in one place. Besides that such books become generally useless to mankind, there is the danger of seeing them all destroyed at once by a fire: and I am resolved to bequeath my few to the studious children of my friends, in hopes that many may profit by them, which could never be the case, were I to leave them to a single person, or what would be worse, to any great library. It is but seldom, as far as I have observed, that those who collect books, or those who inherit large numbers of them, become very learned. Few value the things of which they have abundance, and the

most learned men are (upon the whole) those who never possessed a great library.

It is remarkable that amongst the many poetical compositions of the Arabs collected in the Escurial, there is not one epick poem, nor any mention made by *Casiri* of any that ever existed. This particularity cannot give us any very high opinion of their invention: As far as I can see by the many specimens from *Casiri*, the Arabs dealt in sentiment more than in imagery; and if this was the case (which is most probable,) several of the present European nations, as well as the Greeks and Romans, must be deemed upon the whole much more poetical than the Arabs, especially when we consider, that they not only have never written any epick poem, but never had any of the dramatick kind; the one or two found in the Escurial scarcely coming under this denomination, and not being at all theatrical, as appears by what *Casiri* tells of them.

Cafiri's book is not easily to be had, though quite fresh from the press. Besides that only five hundred copies of it have been printed, the King has already given away the greater part, and sent a copy to every eminent University in Europe. That from which I made this imperfect extract, was only lent me. Had this favour not been done me, I should have been forced to pass it over in silence, to the great impoverishment of this letter.

I have little more to add with regard to the Spanish literature, because I know but little more. The King cannot perhaps be called a violent favourer of it: Yet he has done something towards its advancement. He has bestowed several favours on *Cafiri*, and given high posts to several men of good parts, such as *Mata*, *Campomanes*, and various others, who have made themselves known to His Majesty by means of their writings. He has just bought a considerable piece of

ground in this neighbourhood, which is to be turned into a botanical garden under the direction of *Don Enazio Bernades*, a physician, who (like *Father Sarmiento* already named) is much skilled in natural history, and has visited several of the Spanish provinces in order to collect plants, that he may enrich the new garden with the productions of Spain, before he thinks of exoticks, as he himself told me.

The King has also given high employments in the navy to *Don Georges Juan* and *Don Antonio de Ulloa*, who assisted Messieurs *De la Condamine* and *Bouger* in measuring three degrees of the meridian under the Equator. In 1749 *Juan* and *Ulloa* jointly published in this town three vols. 4to. entitled *Physical and Astronomical Observations*. I have not seen (a) the book, but the British Consul General, who is a man of great parts

(a) It is translated into English and French. I am told that the French Translation is far from faithful.

and knowledge, assures me, that many of their observations in natural philosophy are new, and all very curious; and their account of the Spanish dominions in *South America* the very best that ever was published.

Amongst the learned of this town there is also *Don Thomas Lopez*, the King's geographer, who is actually compleating his set of Spanish maps, which, I am told, will prove very accurate. Nor do the Spaniards want writers on husbandry and commerce: They have several who enjoy an extensive reputation on account of their works on these two subjects; but, as I said, I have not time to look into every thing.

The King admits to his royal confidence his Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance *Count Gazzola*, an Italian nobleman, well versed in various branches of literature, a great engineer, much skilled in the polite arts, and first discoverer of the *Ruins of Poestum*, which he went in person

person to inspect when he lived at Naples, and had them drawn by (a) *Sabatini*, and engraved by *Bartolozzi*, at his own expense.

His Majesty is not indifferent to the advancement of the arts, and much countenances his Royal Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, often rewarding those who distinguish themselves most in it. He has in his actual service, not only many native artists, but also several foreigners, to whom he gives very liberal salaries. The most distinguished amongst these last, are *Mengs* and *Tiepolo* already named, both painters of great merit, and *Sabatini* the architect. *Sabatini* was pupil to the famous *Vanvitelli*, whose daughter he has married. He has been ordered to form a plan for the cleansing of this town, which His

(a) Count *Gazzola* delayed so long the publication of those drawings, that a Scotch Architect has at last fore-stalled them with another set made by himself and published in England.

Majesty has resolved to beautify with new buildings, of which there are two actually begun, both very large ; that is, the custom-house and the post-office.

The King has erected here a china-manufactory, which is in great forwardness, they say ; and grants also great sums of money towards the support of the silk and woollen manufactories at *Segovia*, *Talavera*, *Guadalaxara*, *Barcelona*, and other places. He has also ordered various reparations of several high roads, and begun two new ones, which will lead to this metropolis from *Bilboa* in Biscay, and *Cadix* in Andalusia.

These and several other of the King's designs, show him to be a good King ; and he would certainly do more, had not his predecessor left him loaded with a heavy debt, which he is resolved to pay off by degrees. But it will be long before his treasury is in good order, as his mother very much exhausted this kingdom in order to make him King of Naples

Naples when there was but little appearance of his coming to this crown.

To conclude this prolix letter, there are eight public libraries in this town, besides a good number of private ones; from which I infer, that there are here many men of knowledge; more perhaps than foreigners are aware of, though it be almost a general fashion at present in several parts of Europe for men to tell each other, that the Spaniards are very ignorant.

### L E T T E R LVIII.

*A rich town, and why. A long conversation with a lady. Via Crucis. Año's, Estrecho's, and Santos. An affecting separation of friends.*

Madrid, Oct. 11, 1760.

**I**T is not, I think, in the power of men to render this metropolis a trading town, because it lies too far from the sea, because it has no navigable river near,

near, and because it is situated in a province, that, like Estremadura, cannot be made very fertile for want of water.

Under these disadvantages however, Madrid is a most opulent town, as you will easily conceive when you reflect, that it has been for several centuries the constant residence of powerful monarchs, and the ordinary abode of almost all the richest nobility and gentry of this kingdom. Gold and silver flow abundantly into Madrid, not only from the provinces around, but from the vast kingdoms possessed by this crown beyond the Atlantick. Sudden and considerable additions are also frequently made to its usual wealth by viceroys, governors, and other servants of the state, who generally come back from Mexico, Peru, and other parts, with such stores of doubloons, as enable them to pass the remainder of their lives in the most splendid affluence, and their posterity to riot in luxury for ages and ages.

Of a town so constituted, that painful labour is in a manner almost excluded from it, it is not difficult to comprehend, that very many are the inhabitants, who have almost no other business but that of contriving how to spend their time agreeably. From so singular a situation, singular customs have necessarily arisen, and because the intercourse between the sexes is the chief mode of pleasure amongst mankind, many are the inventions to which this people have had recourse, in order to facilitate that intercourse.

The desire that men and women have here of passing their time in each other's company, is so very eager, that it appears not unlike rage, especially to him who has long lived in England, where men of all ranks seem ashamed in a manner to hang too long about the fair, and where the generality deprive themselves every day of their company during several hours, merely

merely for the sake of talking politicks or circulating the bottle.

Many are the methods that both sexes have contrived here, in order to spend as much of their time together as it is possible, and this letter will bring you acquainted with some of them.

I went this morning about ten to pay a visit to a very agreeable lady, whom I have talked the other night at the *Tertulia* into some sort of familiar friendship by my narrations of English customs, and accounts of my present journey. Don Felix, who thinks her one of the most reasonable beings in Madrid, has begg'd of her to take some care of me during my stay; and both she and her husband have engaged to render it as pleasant as it shall be in their power.

I found her gate quite opened, and nobody to guard it. Up-stairs I went, knocked at the door, and a footman open'd. Is your master within? No, Sir: he is just gone out. Is your mistress?

Yes,

Yes, sir. Please to go that way, pointing to an apartment on the left hand.

I did as he bid me, and crossed three large rooms. From the last I heard people talk in a fourth.

Doña Paula, can I come in?

Come in, come in, cried the lady; and in I went. I found her sitting in the midst of her bed, leaning against half a dozen pillows, and in a dress far from elegant. She had a small table before her covered with a napkin, with a dish of chocolate upon it, and some sweet biscuits upon a silver plate. Half a dozen gentlemen sat round the bed upon stools, and I had the satisfaction to find that I was not totally amongst strangers, as I had already seen some of them at the Tertulia and at Don Felix's. She bid me place myself by her, rung for my chocolate, asked the usual civil questions; then the chit-chat went round, which was really mere chit-chat during an hour.

About

About eleven we were desired to withdraw in the next room, as she was going to get up. A pretty maid soon came to tell us that she waited for us at her toilet, where we attended her. A female hair-dresser was busy about her, and I am told that it is not much the fashion here to have that office performed by men, except amongst the greatest ladies, who have often Frenchmen for it. But I must not omit to say, that during the hour we were by her bed-side, some of the company went successively off, while others successively came in, entering the room with no more ceremony than if they had entered their own houses, only saying *Deo Gratias* or *Ave Maria* as they raised the door-curtain.

Her toilet was soon over, and a servant came to tell her, that mass was ready. I was going to take my leave, regulating my motions by those of the other visitors; but she bid me stay to take a ride with her after mass, and dine with

her if I was not otherwise engaged. I bowed, enter'd the *Capilla* with her, dipp'd my middle-finger in the holy wa-  
ter, touched hers with it, kneeled by her  
on a cushion, and mass was said. We  
were encircled by her maids and servants,  
who all had their rosaries in their hands,  
and appeared full as devout as their mis-  
tress, all whispering *paters* and *aves*  
during the service, which lasted not half  
an hour. The *Capilla* (*chapel*) is very  
small, but very neat and prettily orna-  
mented; and I find, that not only the  
greatest nobility have here their chapels  
at home, but also the richer gentry, and  
every body that can afford the expence.  
Those who do not keep a domestick chap-  
lain, have a priest or a friar, who comes  
to say mass every day for an alms of three  
or four (a) reals. No lady here misses  
hearing mass every day. She would not  
be *du bon ton*, if she did, besides that she  
would be considered as indevout, though

(a) A real is about three-pence English money.

their

their religion does not oblige them to hear it but on holy days.

After the mass she took me in her coach, and we went to take an airing out of St. Bernardin's gate.

As we went along I saw many wooden crosses planted on the left side of the road, about fifty yards distant from each other, and asked her the meaning of them.

They have been erected, said she, by the jesuits, who often in the afternoon come here to make the *Via Crucis*, followed by a multitude of low people.

The *Via Crucis* consists in this. Two or three jesuits walking gravely before the people, stop before every cross successively, and all kneeling devoutly in the dust, say aloud seven *paters* and seven *aves* at each, together with a *mystery*; that is, a kind of short prayer, the words of which commemorate the several falls our Saviour has had, as he was pushed barbarously up Mount-Calvary by the wicked Jews with his heavy cross upon

his shoulders. I think our jesuits and other friars practise something of this kind in various parts of Italy, with only this difference, that there they perform the *Via Crucis* in churches, whereas here they do it also on a public road.

But you must not felicitate me on my having been tête-a-tête in a coach with a handsome Spanish lady. One of her servants out of livery had got into the coach with us; and as I seem'd surprised at it, she told me in French, that such was the fashion in Madrid, and that no *femme comme il faut* went ever alone with a gentleman; not even with her own husband. This privileged servant bears here the title of *page*. The grandes' ladies have more than one; but, instead of riding with their mistresses, they have a coach to themselves which follows that of the mistress. At Naples the great ladies have inherited this pompous practice from the Spaniards, who possessed that kingdom long. Doña Paula's page kept in a corner

of her coach as close as he could, that he might not obstruct our sight through the fore-glass, and never failed to cross himself as we went by every cross of the *Via Crucis*.

Having gone about two miles, we alighted and came leisurely back to the gate, followed by the coach, the page, and the servant that had rode behind. The country round us I thought very unpleasant. Scarce an habitation, or even a tree is to be seen as far as the sight can extend, which is strange in the neighbourhood of such a populous town. The whole prospect on that side looks quite barren and desart-like: but the sun shone mildly, and a breeze fanned the air in the gentlest manner; which as long as the walk lasted suspended the head-ach that has tormented me ever since I entered at the other gate, as I told you already.

It was near two when we got back to Doña Paula's, and dinner was ready; but, before we sit down to it, I must ap-

prise you (as she did me) of some customs quite peculiar to this nation.

I asked her whether it was true, that the ladies in Madrid had so far adopted the system of some Italian districts, as to have *Cicisbeo's* under the denomination of *Cortejo's*.

I have heard much, said she, of your Italian *Cicisbeo's*, and, as far as I can judge, they are the same thing with what we call *Cortejo's*; that is, gentlemen who attend on ladies with some sort of assiduity. But I must tell you, that we have so far improved upon your countrymen, as to divide our male friends into three classes, which we call *Ano's*, *Estrecho's*, and *Santo's*.

I well remember, said I, that by these words I have sometimes been puzzled, especially in reading your comedies, entremeses, and books of wit and humour; but never had an opportunity thoroughly to understand their various meanings.

Know then, interrupted she, that on the last day of the year it is the general custom here for many friends to meet in the evening to draw the *Año's*. All the names of the gentlemen and ladies present, no matter whether married or unmarried, are written upon bits of paper, and separately thrown, the gentlemen's in one hat, the ladies in another. Then the youngest person in company draws a gentleman's name with one hand, and a lady's with the other. The two persons thus drawn are to be *Año's* (that is, *years*) during the next twelvemonth. Thus a lady's *Año* acquires a kind of right to be oftener in her company than he would otherwise have been. He enters her house at any hour ; dines with her when he pleases without previous invitation ; pays her a regular courtship ; and in short becomes in a manner aggregated to her family.

There is no other difference, continued Doña Paula, between the *Año's* and the

*Eſtrecho's*, but that the *Año's* are choſen on the laſt day of the year, and the *Eſtrecho's* on the twelfth night. Each *Eſtrecho's* name is also drawn together with a *Copla* or *Seguedilla*, of which there are innumerable composed by our wits for this purpose and bought ready printed. These kinds of Epigrams, commonly ſatirical, excite often the mirth of the company, especially when they chance to ſquare with the personal character of him or her, whose name comes out with the *Copla*. *Eſtrecho*, means *a close friend*. As to the *Santo's*, they are likewife the ſame thing with the *Año's* and *Eſtrecho's*. They are drawn on Christmas-eve, but, instead of *Coplas* and *Seguedillas*, we draw them with the names of Saints, from which circumstance they have their name; to the Saint that comes out with the lady's name, the gentleman drawn with her is to pay particular devotion during that year, and ſo the lady to that which is drawn with the gentleman's name.

By

By these means, continued Doña Paula, the ladies make sure of constant visitors, when they stay at home, and attendants when they go out; and as these drawings of names generally precede a supper, they always prove very cheerful, especially when it happens, as was my own case this year, that the husband and wife are drawn together. I am actually my husband's *Estrecha*, and of course have a right to command his attendance upon me till next Epiphany day.

I should not dislike these fashions, said I, was I to stay for years in this town, and the foreigners who reside amongst you, must certainly find it very convenient, to become thus at once the domestic friends of three ladies at least. But do ever your husbands and fathers take the alarm at their wives and daughters having so many familiar friends? And are your *Cortejo's* generally as harmless as our *Cicisbeo's* pretend to be?

To

To answer you in your own language, said Doña Paula, I must put you in mind of your proverb, that *Tutto il mondo è paese*, “*all countries are alike.*” We have ladies here, who might live better than they do. But this, I suppose, is not quite peculiar to us, and the dominion of vice probably extends much further than the Manzanares. The misconduct however of wicked women, is not to be attributed to the custom of having *Año’s* and *Estrecho’s*. She that is lost to honour, would find means of satisfying her lawless passions any where. But this I will have the confidence to say of my townswomen of the better sort, that the greatest part live as they ought, whatever notions foreigners may form of our *Cortejo’s*, and whatever liberty they may take with us when they expatriate on the freedom of our manners. We are lively, we love to be gallanted, we could sing and dance for ever, but the point of honour and the influence of religion are

not

not yet lost in Madrid. I have read my share of French books, and am informed of the opinions that are spread abroad on our account: Yet let me assure you, that I know the ways of my own sex, and that the ladies of Madrid prove in general very good wives, mothers, and daughters; nor is there any place in Europe where husbands are more gallant, fathers more affectionate, and friends more respectful. I might make you often an eye-witness of what I advance, would you but stay a few months with us. You would see and hear men and women behave and talk to each other very lovingly; but scarce ever find a gentleman tête-à-tête with any of us. This is no custom of ours. Consider our method of living. Not only our gates, but every door in our apartments is open from morning to night. All our friends and acquaintance come in and go out without asking leave, and our many servants are allowed to enter our rooms as freely as ourselves. You may

may already have observed that this is the general system in Madrid; so that, those amongst our ladies who intend to carry on an intrigue, are put to the hardest shifts, and must partly alter the usual forms of Spanish living, which cannot easily be done without incurring censure, and without making themselves the talk of the whole town. You will see to day at dinner one of my most intimate friends Doña Bibiana de ——, who has been during these many years most regularly visited and attended upon by one of our most accomplished cavaliers; yet she is one of our most respected women, and not a soul in all Madrid would dare to entertain the least thought to her disadvantage.

And are your single ladies, said I, visited with the same familiarity by their *Ano's*, *Estrecho's*, and *Santo's*?

Not quite so, answered the lady. But they are not kept under that great restraint you may have read of in books. In general

general they pass the morning in their apartments, to which few men are admitted besides their masters of writing, musick, and dancing. But they always dine at their parents table, and converse of course with our daily guests with as much freedom as with their brothers; and at night we take them to all *Visitas* and *Tertulias* without any scruple, and let them dance and sing their fill at home as well as at our friends houses during the longest evenings ; nor are we afraid to see them talk to any gentleman, fully persuaded that no man would dare to address them but in terms of the highest respect.

I hope now, continued Doña Paula, that you will dismiss your past notions of us, and believe that our husbands and fathers are far from being such jealous and tyrannical brutes, as they are painted in French romances ; but as I see that you want to take the minutest notice of our manners and customs, I will take you to *Fuencarral* some day next week,

that you may see more and more of us; how freely we live with our friends, and happily with our husbands.

And pray, madam, what is it that you call *Fuencarral*?

It is a village, she replied, about two leagues from town, where gentlemen and ladies resort in parties on fine afternoons, under the pretence of *Merendar*; that is, of eating a fallad, and taste of a muscadel-wine, for which the territory of that village is much renowned. We often go there, attended by our Santo's, Año's, Estrecho's, or any other friend.

But, madam, your husbands—

Our husbands chuse sometimes to be of the party, sometimes not. When they come, so much the better. However, I must add, that ladies never go there but several together, not so much for the sake of decency, as because the more the ladies, the chearfuller the party. There, while the *Merenda* is making ready, or  
after

after it, we commonly dance, or sing, or walk about with the greatest hilarity.

Such, or nearly such, was the account that Doña Paula gave me during the two hours we spent in our ride and walk. I am sure, that you will be somewhat surprised to find it square so little with those of other travellers; but that I cannot help. She has back'd her assertions with such proofs, as ought to be quite satisfactory, besides that I have no just ground to call her veracity in question. Her natural goodness has perhaps made her lean on the tender side a little more than truth requires, and deceived her into partiality, yet her assertions are in my opinion sufficiently verified.

It was two when we alighted at her gate. I was quite pleased with the company that was to dine with us, possibly because they received me with the kindest civility. Her husband, Doña Bibiana, her faithful friend, and two more gentlemen, seemed to vie in politeness

to

to the friend of Don Felix. The dinner was not sumptuous, as it consisted but of four dishes, besides the soup and a noble desert of fruit and sweetmeats. We fell to it pell-mell, and not in the regular order that is constantly practised in England. It is not here much the custom, it seems, to eat in china as they do in England, but in silver. Doña Paula's husband seems a chearful and good-temper'd man. He felicitated me on the progress I have already made in the favour of his *Estrecha*, and hoped this would contribute to alter my resolution of quitting Madrid in haste. During dinner they made me launch into the manners of the English nation, and all appeared much pleased, especially with the accounts I gave of the English ladies, which they found to agree with those they have often had from Don Felix.

We did not sit at table a whole hour, but rose up as soon as the cloth was removed, and went to a balcony over the street,

street, where a dish of coffee was drank as we looked at a procession, that happened to pass very close to the walls on each side, to avoid the abominable filthiness in the middle of the street.

About four we had our chit chat interrupted for a few minutes by the coming in of a middle-aged gentleman, who after the usual bows sat himself by Doña Paula with a look full of concern.

I guess by your countenance, said she with a most affectionate tone of voice, that we are soon to lose you.

I have at last received the king's orders, said the gentleman, and I must go to-morrow.

To-morrow! interrupted the lady.

To-morrow, said he again; and kneeled suddenly by her, threw his arms round her waist, and she her's about his head, which she pressed most tenderly to her bosom. Without offering to kiss her, as I would have done upon such an occasion, he started up, embraced her husband

with a big tear in each eye, bowed to Doña Bibiana, shook one of the gentlemen by the hand, beckoned to the other to follow him, and without being able to utter any other word but *a Dios, a Dios*, walked away with the greatest speed.

The telling of this short and sudden scene is nothing at all; but the seeing it performed was quite affecting. I was then told that the gentleman is a near relation to Doña Paula's husband; that he has just been promoted to a high employment in the kingdom of Leon, and going to reside there probably for several years. Indeed, these Spaniards have such feelings, that I should love them much, was I to stay here any while. As they were praising him, Don Felix came to fetch me, took me to the royal academy of painting, of which I shall give you some account to-morrow; then we went to the house of another of his friends, where we spent the evening chiefly playing at cards, as any noisy entertainment would be thought inde-

indecent in the present great mourning at court.

## LETTER LIX.

*Royal Academy of Painting. A fee refused.*

*The private life of a great King. Farnello the famous singer. Women sitting before a royal palace. Mules instead of horses to carriages. Harmlessness of the lower people. Jubilados, Caleffin, and other matters.*

Madrid, Oct. 12, 1760.

IN the center of Madrid there is the *Plaza Mayor*; that is, a large square, the finest in the town, formed by uniform houses, the fronts of which are supported by lofty porticos. I need to say no more of it, as you will find it repeatedly described in almost every book of travels that mentions this metropolis, together with an account of the bull-feasts that are often exhibited in it.

One of the houses in this square, is called *the Royal Academy of Painting, Sculpture,*

*ture, and Architecture.* There it is, that the professors and students of those arts resort, the first to teach, the second to learn.

King Ferdinand, predecessor to his present Majesty, and founder of this academy, spared no expence to furnish the several apartments in it with casts of the finest statues from Italy, such as the *Hercules of Farnese*, the *Apollo of Belvedere*, the *Venus de Medicis*, the *Gladiator*, *Antinous*, *Faun*, &c. &c. and the walls of it are abundantly decorated with pictures and drawings, as is usual in such places.

What his predecessor began, this King endeavours to encrease with considerable munificence. I am told that he spends very liberally to support it, having always looked upon those arts with a favourable eye, witness what he did towards unburying *Herculaneum* when he was at Naples. Besides paying the usual indispensable expences of the Academy, such as living models, lights, attendants, &c. his

his Majesty pays also for the maintenance of some young men sent to Rome every year to study those arts. Those amongst them who can there carry off a premium from the *Academy of St. Luke*, are generally pensioned for life on their return home, and those of their works which obtained them this advantage, are hung up in the academy with a short inscription that records the atchievement.

Besides the casts, pictures, and drawings, the Academy is possessed of a choice library, chiefly containing such books as are conducive to the acquisition of those arts; so that every body, who has a mind to addict himself to the cultivation of them, is furnished there with sufficient means, the students being found even in pencils and paper to draw at the King's expence.

To what sum the defraying of all this amounts, I could not learn from the academy-keeper, a kind of gentleman who refused a fee I tender'd, for his waiting

on me during the hour that my visit lasted, showing and explaining every thing to me with much precision. *No Señor*, said he, withdrawing his hand hastily, *en España no se usa el estilo de Italia.* “*We do not in Spain as you do in Italy.*” The compliment was far from flattering: yet I like better the Italian than the Spanish custom in this particular, and would rather have such people directed to take any fee that is offered, as by means of a fee I am at liberty to see a show at leisure, whereas when I know that no fee is to be accepted, I am loath to give too much trouble to a man, who, conscious on his side that nothing is to be got by his attendance on me, may chuse to be out of the way when I want to see the thing, or spare himself the trouble of minute explanations, or grow peevish at my taking too much of his time.

This day I have seen the King; and I must say that a prominent nose, a piercing eye, and a serene countenance, make him

him look much better than his coin represents him. I have seen several portraits of him, even one by his favourite *Mengs*: but neither *Mengs*, nor any other painter, had given me a true idea of his face, which is pleasing, though made up of irregular features.

As to his person, it is of a good size, and his walk quite *Bourbonian*; that is, erect and steady. He appears to be robust, and I am told that he has a great deal of bodily strength. His complexion is quite sun-burnt, which is undoubtedly the consequence of his passion for the chace. In this respect he is a true Meleager. No degree of heat or cold can keep him from this exercise. You may possibly think it worth the while to read an account of the life he leads; and here it is, as I had it from people who have been daily witnesses of it for many years.

Every day in the year he gets up about six, and exactly at seven comes out of his bed-room in his night-gown. He

finds waiting in the anti-chamber a *Gentilhombre de Cámara*, a *Mayordomo de Semána*, a physician, a surgeon, and several other regular attendants, with whom he interchanges words while dressing. The *Gentilhombre*, kneeling on one knee, presents a dish of chocolate, which the King drinks almost cold. He then dismisses some of them with a nod, enters his private chapel, and hears a mass : then retires to a closet, to which no body is ever admitted, and there reads or writes, especially on those days that he does not intend to go a-hunting in the morning.

About eleven he comes out of the closet to meet the whole royal family. They all kiss his hand, or offer to do it, lowering a knee. He embraces them all, kissing the princes at the cheek, and the princesses on the forehead.

The royal family withdraw after a little chit-chat, and he gives a momentary audience to his confessor: Then speaks to those ministers of state, who have any business

business to communicate, or paper to sign. Then the family ambassadors come in; that is, the French and the Neapolitan. With them the King interchanges words for a quarter of an hour; seldom more. Just against the time that he is going to dine, the other ambassadors and foreign ministers come in. Exactly at twelve he sits down to table, quite alone now that his queen is dead. The ambassadors and foreign ministers, his own ministers of state, the great officers of his army, and several other great personages, pay their court while he falls to eating, and all those whom the guards have permitted to get in, croud round the table to see him dine. The cardinal-patriarch of the Indies says grace, not as cardinal or patriarch, but as his chief chaplain.

The ceremony of the table is this. The *Mayordomo Mayor* stands on the King's right hand, and a captain of his body-guards on his left. One of the weekly *Mayordomo's*, two *Gentilhombres de*

*de Câmara*, and a croud of pages and servants attend promiscuously. One of the two *Gentilhombres* carves, the other gives him drink. The dishes, all covered, are brought in one by one in an uninterrupted succession by pages, and each dish is put into the hands of the carving *Gentilhombre*, who takes it with one hand, uncovers it with the other, and presents it to the King. The King gives a nod of approbation or disapprobation at every dish. Those that are approved, the *Gentilhombre* places upon the table: the rest are carried back. Many however are the dishes approved, which still are not touched, as the King eats only of the plainest, and always with a good appetite.

The *Gentilhombre* who gives him drink, pours first a few drops of wine and water in a silver-salver that has a beak, and drinks that himself; then kneels on one knee, and pours of both to the King,

first

first the water, then the wine, which is always Burgundy.

When the King has drank his first glass the ambassadors and foreign ministers, who stood the while and all in a row on the King's right hand, make their bows, and go to pay their respects to the rest of the royal family, that are all at their dinners, each in his or her own apartment, the prince of Asturias alone, Don Luis alone, the Infanta alone, and the two younger Infantes together. All these tables are sumptuous: yet none so much as that of the queen-mother, of whom I shall speak a word by and by.

Near a hundred dishes are generally served to the King, of which about forty are laid upon the table. When they are removed, an ample desert succeeds: but he seldom tastes of it, except sometimes a little bit of cheese and some fruit. The last thing that is presented is a glass of canary-wine with a sweet biscuit. He breaks the biscuit in two, steeps it in the wine,

wine, and eats it, but never drinks the wine.

A moment before he rises from table, which lasts near an hour, the ambassadors and foreign ministers return, pass before him, and go into an adjoining room, where they wait for his coming. With them he converses about half an hour upon indifferent matters.

He then re-enters his private apartment to put on his hunting-dress; that is, a grey frock of coarse cloth, made at *Segovia* on purpose for him, and a leather waistcoat. The leather breeches he always puts on when he gets from bed, especially on those days that he intends to go a-hunting. Light boots, a hat flapp'd before, and strong leather gloves compleat this dress. While the boots are putting on, the *Sommelier de Corps* (Duke of *Losada*) gives him a dish of coffee. Between one and two he steps into his coach drawn by six or eight mules, and away with his brother Don Luis,

Luis, the mules galloping *ventre à terre*. Half a dozen of his body-guards precede the coach on horse-back, and three foot-men ride behind it.

No bad weather, as I said, is ever an obstacle to his going out on hunting-days, not even a storm of hail accompanied by thunder and lightning. Don Luis, who is his constant attendant in the coach, is the only person allowed to fire at the game on these daily huntings. But on solemn huntings, some of the grandees who wait on him at the chace, are granted the same privilege. However of late the solemn huntings are become rare, because the expence of them was found too great.

A little after sun-set he generally comes back, carrying as much of the feather-game in his hands as he can hold. As to the quadrupeds he has killed, such as stags, deer, wild-boars, wolves, foxes, &c. they are brought to the palace in carts. He surveys the whole, orders it

to

to be weighed in his presence, and rejoices when there is much, most particularly when he has killed a wolf or two. It is but seldom that he takes the prince of Asturias to hunt with him.

When the game is weighed and ordered to the kitchen, he goes to pay a short visit to the queen-mother; then gives a private audience to that minister, whose day it happens to be, as each of them has his fixed day of private audience. The minister brings his papers in a bag, and offers to his inspection those that are to the purpose of his errand. If the minister's business leaves him any time, he plays at *Reversino* (a game at cards so called) with three of his courtiers, generally the Duke de Lofada *Sommeliers de Corps*, Duke d'Arcos *Capitan de la Compania Espanola*, and another grandee whose name I have forgotten. He never plays for any thing, having recourse to this expedient merely to consume a quarter of an hour, or half an hour that he must wait for his supper.

supper. At nine he sits down to it, attended only by his courtiers: then goes to bed, to get up again next day to the same round of occupations, and with the same scrupulous nicety of method in the distribution of them, seldom or never to be altered, except on post-days, when, instead of going to hunt, he passes some more time, both morning and afternoon, in the private closet, writing to his son at Naples, to his brother at Parma, to his sisters in Turin and Lisbon, and very often likewise to Marquis *Tanucci* and to the Prince of Santo *Nicandro*, the first of whom he has made chief minister, and the second *Ayo*, or governour, to his Sicilian Majesty.

If on post-days he has any time left, it is employed in his laboratory; that is, in the completest turner's-shop that ever existed. He is a most expert turner, and works toys to perfection. The shop contains many turning-engines of rare invention, some of which were presents from

from

from the King of France, and some contrived by Count *Gazzola* already mentioned, one of the greatest mechanists of the age. By him his Majesty is attended when working in the laboratory.

As to his personal character, he was certainly a good husband when his queen was alive. Never once did he swerve from conjugal fidelity, nor ever had any mistress public or private. His brothers were always his best friends and most familiar companions ; and as to his children, there is no need of saying that he always proved a kind father. He is rather an easy, than an affectionate master, never descending to great familiarity with his servants, yet always satisfy'd with what they do. They say that he never betrayed any great love to any body out of his own family, no more than hatred. It happened once, that he detected one of his most familiar domestics in a lye, and forbid him his presence, but still continued him his salary. His conversa-

tion is generally cheerful, but always as chaste as his conduct. He reposes much confidence in his chief ministers, especially Marquis *Squillace*, who has found the means of prepossessing him in favour of his own abilities; yet neither *Squillace*, nor any body else, was ever a favourite, when by a favourite we mean a man admitted by a sovereign to the closest intimacy of friendship. No body ever reached so high with him, though he treats some with particular kindness, especially the Duke of *Lofada*, who in virtue of his employment sleeps constantly in the same room with him. This Duke of *Lofada* has long obtained the reputation of being the honestest man in Spain, which is probably what has endeared him to the King. As to *Squillace*, he is a most indefatigable man, and they say that he alone dispatches more business, than all the other ministers put together, scarcely allowing himself time to eat or to sleep. But they charge him with in-

sufferable haughtiness and insatiable avarice; two qualities not easily pardoned, especially when they meet in a foreigner, as it is the case with *Squillace*, who is a Sicilian. But it is not my intention to give you the characters of any body here, only tell you what I hear people frequently repeat with regard to this and that great man at court. It is natural that *Squillace* should be envied, having reached the highest post, though a stranger; and the language of envy is not to be blindly credited.

The King uses every body with a sort of condescension that may be called civility, which impresses his servants with a strong sense of real respect, independent of his kingship, as the rigidity of his morals gives them no room for the least contempt. His method of spending time, so unalterably regular, may appear somewhat dull: but is certainly laudable, as it is quite necessary that a King should have his ministers and ser-

vants

vants exactly apprised of the hours, and even the minutes, that they are to approach him for the dispatch of business in their respective stations and employments.

Every body here agrees, that his majesty is far from wanting knowledge of men or things. He has read much, and never passes a day without looking into a book. Besides his native tongue, he speaks Italian and French with the greatest fluency and propriety, nor is he ignorant of the Latin. They say, that he knows his own as well as other princes interest full as well as any of his ministers, and does not spare any expence to be early informed of whatever passes in Europe and out of Europe that may affect him any way.

Since he came to this throne, he never would suffer any Italian opera to be performed either at Madrid or Aranjuéz, as was practised in the former reign. The days of Queen Barbara are over, when

lions were squandered upon Italian musicians. I have already mentioned the great ascendant *Farinelli* had obtained over that Queen; nor was her husband Ferdinand less fond of him than herself. Yet our modern Orpheus behaved with so constant a humility and moderation during the long time he was their favourite, and got so many real friends amongst the natives by his disinterestedness and simplicity, that some of the grandes spoke in his behalf to the King on his arrival from Naples, and were so generous as to recommend him to his favour as a truly honest man, who had never abused the confidence of their former masters, but constantly employed his credit to do all the good that was in his power to do. All this is very well, said the King; yet *los capones son buenos sobre la mesa*, “*capons are only good to eat*,” and would not hear of his continuing in Spain, but ordered him two thousand drouloons pension and sent him back to his

his country, dismissing at the same time all the opera-singers, as their salaries amounted to too high a sum in his opinion. This piece of economy won him the hearts of his new subjects, who had long grumbled at the prodigality of their former sovereigns in this respect; and it was long before they gave over their acclamations whenever the King appeared in public. To some body, who after the departure of *Farinelli* asked him if he ever intended to order an opera for the diversion of the Queen who loved music, he sternly replied *ni agora, ni nunca*, “neither now, nor ever.” You may well think that after so laconic an answer, no body ever dared to mention Italian operas any more.

Befides retrenching this absurd article of expence, he lessened also that of his stables, in which on his arrival, he had found no less than four hundred compleat sets of coach-mules, and a much larger number of saddle-horses than was

necessary. Both horses and mules he quickly reduced below the half, to the great mortification of the underlings at court, who by the indulgence of his predecessor had long been accustomed to parade about in the King's vehicles, though not entitled to it by the mediocrity of their ranks in the King's service.

By these and other like regulations his majesty soon enabled his exchequer to pay off a part of the vast debts with which he found it encumbered. Those debts are still very considerable; yet, if the peace continues, there are probable hopes that they will be totally discharged in about twenty years.

As to her late majesty, they say that she was a good woman in the very best sense of the word. Fond of her husband, of her children, of her servants, of every body that she thought good. Yet she was quick, and her quickness would sometimes make her reprimand people who

who did not deserve it : but coming presently to herself, and fearing to have done wrong, she would enquire better, which conduct generally forced her to make reparation to those she had offended, and bewail that *she had much more of the impatience than of the virtue of her dear mother.* Repeated declarations of this nature, and the natural warmth of her heart, had endeared her to all that approached her.

With regard to the Queen-mother, the famous disciple to stern Alberoni, blindness and age have long quenched her high spirits, and totally disabled her from taking any part in the politics of her son. Her present way of living is quite unmethodical, never doing any thing at any stated hour. She will sometimes dine at noon, sometimes in the evening, sometimes at midnight, often making day of night, or night of day, contrary to what she used to do in the life-time of her husband Philip V, whom

she would often upbraid for keeping irregular hours. I told you already that her table is more sumptuous than the King's; yet it is but seldom that she touches any of the many dainties served up to her, living almost upon nothing but a large cup of chocolate that she drinks as soon as she gets from bed. The King visits her once a day, puts up with all her fancies, smiles at her unsettled way of living, and treats her with the profoundest respect.

On every gala-day, his majesty puts on a new suit, and as rich as art can make it; but all his fine cloaths are constantly made after the fashion that was used in his younger years, and he always appears impatient to undress, being never easy, until he resumes his grey frock and leather waistcoat. He was always an enemy to all sort of innovation, and so steady in uniformity, that he wore for above twenty years a silver-watch. His Queen insisted often upon his changing it for

for a better, but to no purpose. Yet, to get rid of her importunity, and incessant jokes, resolved at last to have a gold-caſe to it, which he made himself on the tour.

When he resolved to give the kingdom of Naples to his son, every body expected that he would send to Spain all the antique monuments that had been dug out of Herculaneum. But little did they know him that formed such conjectures, as on the same day that he crowned that son, he went to the place where those monuments were deposited, and there left a ring he had worn many years, which had been found in those ruins, saying, that he had now no right to any thing that belonged to another monarch.

The palace of *Buen Retiro* was formerly but a mean habitation for such kings as those of Spain, if we credit old accounts. But the late king embellished its apartments very much, and his present majesty has also laid out such sums about

about them, that they are now very grand and convenient. I went by it this afternoon, and saw no less than two hundred women sitting in rows before it upon the bare ground. I asked the meaning of such an extraordinary assembly, and was answered, that they came there upon no other errand but to enjoy the fine weather, and look at the courtiers going and coming. They do so on every fine day, holy-days especially. They all sat with their *mantillas* turned up; that is, with uncovered faces, which renders the sight agreeable enough. You will easily guess that those women are not of the highest rank; yet I am told that they are not of the last neither. An odd sort of diversion, thought I, to sit in rows on the bare ground for several hours!

There are neither hackney-chairs, nor hackney-coaches in Madrid. A foreigner cannot therefore ride occasionally about town, as both foreigners and natives do in London and Paris. He who keeps no coach

coach of his own, must either walk or hire a chariot, which is commonly to be had for thirty reals a day. All voitures are here drawn by mules, and the coachmen might as well be called postillions, as they ride on the mule instead of sitting on the coach-box: a good practice in my opinion, as by so doing, they obstruct less the sight through the fore-glass.

This custom of having mules instead of horses to wheel-carriages, is here universal, because horses cannot long resist this hot sun in summer, nor the cold blasts in winter, which I am told is very rigid in this town when the snow covers the hills on the side of the Escurial. Some foreign ambassadors who refused to submit to this custom, and would have horses to their coaches, have had reason to repent their love of singularity, as no pair of horses could last them a whole year, whether they made use of Spanish or foreign horses. No body is allowed

to ride about town with more than four mules to his vehicle. The king only has six, and sometimes eight; but he is seldom seen about town. Out of Madrid the great people ride with six, but few are permitted to enter the town gates with them. Only the great officers of the crown and the foreign ministers (if I am not mistaken) have this privilege; but then they must have their postillions in travelling dresses, and go straight home from the gate at which they enter.

There are very few beggars here, and those few do not walk much about, but generally keep by the gates of the most frequented houses, where they do not much importune the comers and goers with eager supplications, extending only their hands with a craving look. If you give any thing, so much the better; if not, there is an end, as few of them ever open their lips.

The best gentry here are very kind to strangers when once introduced to them,  
if

if you will allow me to judge by what I experience myself: nor do the common people here give us bad language or angry looks, as it is often the case in England, where the lower classes are continually deceived into an aversion to foreigners by a daily uninterrupted succession of dishonest and malignant scribblers. As to the Spanish grandees, they are seldom acquainted either with foreigners or natives that are not of their own rank. A foreign ambassador was telling me yesterday, that he has not had a dinner in the space of four years' residence, but from those grandees who are actually in the ministry, nor ever had any to dine with him. One must conclude by this that it is not the custom amongst the great, to keep open houses here as they do in almost all the capital towns in Europe. Yet some of these grandees are very rich, nor can they be taxed with avarice, as most of them live with the greatest splendor: but the mode of their spending is differ-

different from that of other countries, and generally consists in keeping a great court within doors, that consists of many chaplains, secretaries, pages, and a large number of livery-servants, together with a considerable number of mules in their stables. Then very few are the grandees or rich people in Madrid, who ever dismiss a servant that has been a while in their families; but when he is disabled by age or sickness, he is a *jubilado*, as they call it; and enjoys his salary as long as he lives, without any further care. There are some noblemen here, who, as I am told, have above a hundred such useless domestics between town and country; and you must own that there is no less humanity than grandeur in this sort of Spanish generosity, which extends even to the middling classes. Our great nobility at Rome, Naples, Genoa, and Milan, continued in the same practice so late as the beginning of this century; but have been these several years leaving it off;

off; not much to their honour in my opinion.

If a native or stranger wants occasionally to go a few leagues from town, he may hire a *caleffin*; that is, an open chaise drawn by a single horse. The driver runs a foot by the side of the caleffin, or rides behind when tired with running; but never ceases to hoot and strike the poor jade with his long whip to make it trot. I saw several of them this morning early, as I went on mule-back to see the *Pardo*; that is, one of the king's country houses about six miles distant from town, which my beast paced stoutly in less than an hour.

At the *Pardo* the king resides during two months in the year, merely for the sake of hunting in the neighbourhood; and his palace there is neither beautiful nor large, considering the owner; yet large enough to lodge both him and his whole family, who all have distinct apartments in it, none of which are richly

richly furnished, but all very neat. To the main body of the palace there are additional buildings, where the great officers and ministers of state have apartments when the court is there, together with stabling enough for about eight hundred horses, and a thousand mules. The main edifice was erected by the emperor Charles V, who delighted to retire there from business; and his successors have always been adding something to it, in order to render it more and more convenient. When the (*a*) king is there, the place must look crowded, as several thousands of people constantly follow the court, and many are the great that come every morning from Madrid to show themselves to the king and royal

(*a*) *Mr. Clark, speaking of the Pardo, says dryly, that it is “but an indifferent seat for an English country-gentleman.” I have seen many seats of English country-gentlemen too, but few as yet of those that could easily contain such a family as that of the King of Spain, with his ministers, guards, mules, horses, &c. &c.*

family

family. The situation of the *Pardo* is very romantick, having an easy hill on one side and an extensive forest all round. The trees in the forest are chiefly green-oaks, and their sweet acorns afford plenty of food to the innumerable animals that live in it. When the King is there, the greatest part of the rustics in the neighbouring villages get up before day at the ringing of their church-bells, and men, women, and children run about the country hooting and beating the bushes, in order to fright the game towards the *Pardo*, that the king may meet with abundance of it. His Majesty is a most astonishing marksman, and of his justness in shooting they tell here several stories that appear improbable, such as hitting with a single ball the smallest and most fluttering birds while flying. Such stories the French will likewise tell of their King. An army of such marksmen as either of the two monarchs, was it possible to bring one together, would soon conquer the world.

Riding about the forest of the *Pardo*, my mule almost trampled upon hares, rabbits, and partridges at every step : and I saw many a herd of red and fallow deer. Every person that beats the bushes round the forest, is regularly paid two reals a day ; and this I suppose to be the chief means that the peasantry have there to live upon, as the country is otherwise very barren. I ran my mule so far as a village called *Sant' Agustin*, and back to Madrid through another called *Alcovendas*. I am sure we have no such wretched places in Piedmont. In *Alcovendas* especially, there is not a house that deserves the name. I must call it a cluster of cottages, formed by walls of mud and most unskilfully thatched. Few of them have more than one room on the ground-floor, though several are inhabited by pretty numerous families. The fire-place they generally have in the midst of the room, and there is a hole at top to give way to the smoak. You may easily imagine that their

their house-furniture is all of a piece with their houses. A few earthen-plates and earthen-pots, with two or three straw-bags. The hogs and the hens go in and out at will, and seem to live in the greatest intimacy with their owners.

My tour took up about five hours; yet I returned to town against dinner time, as it would not have been an easy matter to procure a dinner either at *Sant' Agustin* or *Alcovendas*. It was my intention on my arrival in Madrid, to go likewise to *Sant' Idelfonso* and the *Escorial*; and I am sure that each place would furnish matter enough for a long letter. But I have considered that if I go there, I must come back to Madrid another time, in order to adjust my departure: and to tell you the truth, I am quite sick of Madrid, as my head-ach is become intolerable. The people are civil, the people are cordial, the people I should like to live with a much longer time; but the horribleness of their streets hur-

ries me away. I have therefore resolved to quit Madrid after to-morrow, never to return, except I hear that the King has rendered it clean, as they say that he is going to do.

The new great road from Madrid to the *Pardo*, has been partly cut through the forest not long ago. But so fond is the King of large trees, that he would not suffer those to be felled which stood in the way. The road of course is far from being straight, having been made zig-zag in several places for the sake of this and that tree. About a league from town there is a venerable oak that stands exactly in the middle of the road, which the workmen were obliged to run on each side of it. The King never fails to look at the oak with complacence whenever he goes by, often mentions his having saved *his life* (the oak's life), and calls it his own tree. You will allow that this is good-nature.

## LETTER LX.

*Blind men singing and playing. The Majo's dress. Carnival diversions. A description of the new Amphitheatre. Three hundred couples dancing at a time. Strange effect of the Fandango. Phrases of address. Guardias de Corps. Guardias Alabarderos. Garrison of Madrid. Tables of the poor. Tables of the rich. Fish from Valencia. Wood for fuel and charcoal. Premature marriages, and why. Burials. Pictures exhibited by preachers. Gripes and bad teeth.*

Madrid, Oct. 13, 1760.

THE death of the Queen has not only filled this town with numberless funeral sonnets in print, but her praises are echoed through these streets by several bands of blind beggars in *Coplas* and *Seguedillas*. To night, as I retired to the *Locanda* much earlier than usual, to make ready for my departure

to-morrow, I had one of those bands called up that stood chaunting under my windows. It consisted of three men and a boy, who had not one eye between them all. Two of them played on the guitar, one upon the violin, and one upon the violoncello. Had they been out of sight, I should not have guessed that they were blind on hearing them perform, but thought that they had a piece of musick before them, such was their mastery in playing. They sat down in the great hall, and after a symphony very well executed, they sung alternately various stanzas of various measures, some pre-meditated and some extempore. I made them begin with the Queen; and of her they said the most extraordinary things. Besides her possessing every moral and christian virtue, she was a *blanca rosa*, (*a white rose*) a *palido álheli*, (*a pale gilly-flower*) a running stream, a fleet courser, a shining star, and at last

*La mas resplandeciente  
Diosa en el cielo,  
the brightest goddess in heaven.*

What a jumble of images! yet do not call me idle when you see me endeavour to paint little folks, and describe little things. We must hunt after the ideas and manners of the vulgar of every country, to form a just estimate of the nation that inhabits it; besides that whatever little knowledge I have of human nature, is chiefly due to the diligence with which I have long examined the lower classes, who to be sure have a cunning of their own, by which they endeavour to escape observation as well as their betters, but a gross sort of cunning that is easily detected. Could I stay here a while, I would take particular pains to make myself acquainted with all the characteristics that run through the meaner ranks of this people, and most especially with one called the *Majo* (pronounce *mako* with a strong aspiration on the *k*) which, as far

as I can conceive, is a sort of low personage between the *poiffard* of Paris and the *city-spark* of London. To explain my meaning better, the Madrid *Majo* is a low fellow who dresses sprucely, affects the walk of a gentleman, looks blunt and menacing, and endeavours after dry wit upon every occasion. These qualities run through both the sexes, and the *Majo* as well as the *Maja* can swear *por vida de Dios* at every word. You say, for instance, that this is a fine day, and the *Majo* confirms the observation that *por vida de Dios* the day is very fine.

Many amongst our lower vulgar, says *Doña Paula*, are *Majos* and *Majas*, and in our Carnival Masquerades their dress is one of those which the generality of us chuse to assume as well as the character. That dress consists in the man, of a tight waistcoat, tight breeches, white stockings, white shoes tied with a ribband instead of a buckle, the hair in a net of various colours, and a *montéra* over, instead of

of a hat. The *montera* is a cap of black velvet, and of a particular cut, which fits the head exactly, and covers the ears. The *Maja's* habiliment is a tight jacket, so open before as to form two hanging flaps under the breast, something in the form of wings, with sleeves close to the fist, a short petticoat of any colour, a black apron, a striped handkerchief carefully covering the whole neck, with the net and the *montera* exactly such as the man. The seams of both dresses are not sowed, but kept together by interlacing ribbands. This is *à peu près* the vestiment of our *Majos* and *Majas* on holy days, and I assure you that a young well-made person looks very smart in such a dress.

And so, said I, you have masquerades in carnival-time? Pray, dear lady, tell me something of them. Do you run about the streets with your visors on, like so many madmen, as we do almost all over Italy during that time?

Our common people does it, answered the lady: but the best sort do not. They only go in vehicles to visit each other, and endeavour to contrive their disguise in such a manner, that their most intimate acquaintance may be puzzled a while to find them out, which sometimes causes merry suspenses and mistakes. Many of us give masked balls during that time, and to them every person is admitted that is genteely masked. With regard to our masquerade-dresses, every body follows his own fancy. Besides the *Majo's*, many wear *Dóminos*, and many more delight in the various habiliments used in various parts of Spain, which custom at crowded balls never fails to exhibit great variety. Thus we have *el Catalan*, *el Galliego*, *el Valencian*, and the *antiguo Espanol*; that is, the *Catalonian*, *Galician*, and *Valencian* dresses with the *Ancient Spanish*. Then the *Serrano* and the *Culipardo*; that is, the dresses used in the mountains of *Old Castile*

*Castile and Andalusia.* These wear several holy *relics* and *wax agnusdeis*, hanging about their necks, enclosed in small silver-boxes.

But to give you the several forms and characteristicks of our carnival-vestments, is beyond my powers of description, as it is scarcely possible to paint them by means of words. It is enough to tell you, that we endeavour on such occasions to surpass each other in fancifulness and elegance, but not in richness, as it is prohibited to wear gold, silver, and jewels about us in a masquerade dress.

To the carnival-balls, continued the lady, and on our frolicksome visits, we generally go in *Parejas*; that is, *chacun avec sa chacune*, both dressed in the same character, the *Majo* with the *Maja*, the *Serrano* with the *Serrana*, and so forth. But in the act of dancing almost every body takes off his visor, as it is deemed a slight on the company to keep it on.

N. B.

N. B. To spare the reader the trouble of too prolix a note, I think proper to add here, that, since the date of this letter, the carnival-customs have undergone some change at Madrid, as the King has built there a very grand hall, called el Amphitheatro, where thousands resort twice a week during the carnival-time. Any body masked is admitted there for only twenty reals (not quite five shillings) and passes there the whole night with as much pleasure as such a place can afford. There the dancing-place is spacious enough for three hundred couples to dance at a time, and there are seats round it, amphitheatrically disposed; with three large galleries over, which admit five or six thousand people more. The hall has four spacious stair-cases at the four corners, that lead up to the galleries, and to several large rooms, where people may have hot and cold suppers at choice, coffee, chocolate, lemonades, and other refreshments, every thing near as cheap as at home. A considerable number of waiters

waiters attend, all uniformly dressed in pompadour-colour. Besides these conveniences, there are two large rooms with four beds in each, one for the men, the other for the women, who should happen to be taken suddenly ill; and there are physicians and surgeons regularly attending, as well as four dancing-masters to direct the country dances, and teach their various motions and evolutions to those who do not know them well. Nor must I omit to mention two small rooms with inscriptions over their doors, one Jaula por los páxaros, the other Jaula por las páxaras; that is, a cage for the cock-birds, a cage for the hen-birds; in plain language, a jail for the men and a jail for the women. Should any body raise any disturbance, or behave with any indecency there, he would be shut up for the night by the guards attending at the entrance-door.

I have seen above six hundred people dance at once the Fandango in that amphitheatre; and it is not possible to give an idea of such a rap-

rapturous diversion. The enthusiasm that seizes the Spaniards the moment that the Fandango is touched, is a thing not to be conceived. I saw hundreds of them at supper, quit instantly the tables, tumble precipitously down the stair-cases, throng promiscuously into the dancing place, face about for a partner that was found in an instant, and fall a dancing both men and women with such a vigour as to beggar all description. Was the place ample enough, there is not one of them that would remain a simple spectator, as many are forced to be. Those who are forced to it, stand gazing from the seats below or the galleries above, with sparkling eyes and limbs trembling, and encourage the dancers with clamour and clapping of hands. There is a small printed book, intitled BAYLE de mascaras, &c. printed at Madrid in 1763, that sets forth the laws to be observed at the amphitheatre. Should any body contravene any of those laws, he would instantly be thrust into one of the Jaulas. The band there, consists of forty

instruments, that play alternately twenty at a time, so that the dancing is never stopp'd as long as the night lasts; that is, from nine o'clock at night till six in the morning.

The facility that this place affords for diversion to the inhabitants of Madrid, has nearly annihilated their private assemblies and domestick balls, which prove insipid in comparison of the great ball and assembly at the Amphitheatre. The profits that arise there from the suppers and rinfrescos, are sufficient to defray the nightly expences of the place; therefore all the money which is received at the door, (about a crown each person, as I said) is spent towards the embellishment of the publick walks round the town. Thus has this government wisely turned a public diversion into a public utility, and Count d' Aranda, who has been the schemer of it, has taken it under his own immediate direction, nor ever fails to be there every night to take care that nothing happen to spoil the feast.

*Amongst*

Amongst other laws, there is one, which prohibits every body to wear gold or silver on their cloaths at the Amphitheatre; nor are the ladies allowed to have jewels about them, but at one finger. This law brings all sorts of people upon a kind of level. To encrease this equality, they have also introduced the custom of talking to each other, and without any distinction of rank or sex, in the second person singular; that is, in the style used throughout Spain when people talk to the lowest rank, or to intimate friends. Thus the dutchess and the grandee are there brought down from the altitude of their ranks, during the night by their very domesticks, and by those who out of the Amphitheatre would never dare to address them but by title of Vosselencia, an abbreviation of Vuestra Excellencia. But their temporary diminution of greatness, is amply recompenced by the jollity and alertness caused by this kind of equality. Let us now resume the thread of our letter.

Having

Having listened a while to the four blind men who rehearsed the praises of the Queen, and observing that the hall of the *Locanda* began to fill with people, who had run to their playing and singing, I bid them to touch the *Fandango*. Every body present began instantly to dance; but to their no small mortification the landlord *Signor Zilio* rushed in to disturb us all. *Cospetonazzo*, cried he to me in his native language, bid the fellows stop playing, sir, or we are all undone. Don't you consider that the Queen is just dead, and this house an inn? Pray, stop them, or the *Alguazils* will be here in a minute, and carry us all to the devil.

This remonstrance I thought very just, dismissed the blind men with a few reals, and went to my supper, to the great disappointment of several maidens, who had assembled from the nigher houses at the sound, and whose heels began to burn, as it is always the case throughout

the whole country on their hearing their dear Fandango.

What shall I tell you next? Whatever comes uppermost to be sure, and without thinking of pretty transitions from one article of information to the other, as it is not possible to connect things of different nature, but by bestowing more labour upon the mode, than the matter deserves.

The Spaniards have phrases of address that would sound odd in all the languages I know. When a gentleman approaches a lady, he does not tell her that he is her *humble servant*, *her most obedient*, and so forth, as men do to the ladies in Italy, France, or England; but that he *kisses her feet*, or *lays himself at her feet*. *A sus piés*, *beso sus piés*; and when he takes his leave, he intreats her *to keep him at her feet*; *me tenga usted a sus piés*, or *baxo de sus piés*, *under your feet*. The compliment she returns with a *Biva usted mil años*, *may you live a thousand years*, or *vaya usted*

*Usted con Dios, Vaya usted con la Virgen*  
*go you with God, go you with the Virgin*  
*Mary; and when she intends respect, she*  
*kisses your hands, Beso a usted las manos.*  
 You may think the Spanish civilities rather too great, I mean the language of the men to the ladies; but general custom takes off a good deal of the literal meaning from complimentary words in all countries, and the humility of this phraseology does not interfere with that great familiarity which is here so common between the sexes.

I told you yesterday, that when the King goes out of town, half a dozen of his *Guardias de Corps* precede his coach on horseback. Of these body-guards he has three companies consisting of two hundred men each, the *Spanish*, the *Italian*, and the *Flemish*, thus denominated from the nations that compose them. Their uniform is sky-blue trimmed with silver lace. Every individual in them is supposed to be *de primera nobleza, christiano*

*viejo, y limpio de toda mala raza; that is, of noble descent, a true christian, and free from all bad blood.* I have obtained a list of the various articles of what the King allows them, amongst which there are some that you will possibly think curious. Here you have them.

*A compleat uniform every other year; that is, a coat, waistcoat, and breeches.*

*A belt and a bandelier every other year.*

*A silver hilted sword on being admitted, which is to be returned to the company in case of death or quitting the corps.*

*A laced hat with a cockade made of horse-hair tinged red, every other year.*

*Two yards of black ribband, and a black ribband-rose yearly, for the cue.*

*A pair of red worsted stockings yearly.*

*The fourth part of a yard of muslin yearly, for a stock.*

*A pair of strong leather gloves, yearly.*

*A silk-string yearly, to tie round the hilt of the sword; red to the Spanish company, green*

green to the Italian, and yellow to the Flemish.

Five and forty reals every two years for a couple of shirts.

One pound of charcoal every day, with seven candles and a half every month.

The pay to these guards is only a hundred and forty reals a month; so that he, who has nothing from his own family, fares but very poorly, as you may imagine, though each company has the privilege of a butcher who sells them meat something under the market-price.

They are all pick'd men, young and robust; and they have need to be so, as the exercise of running before the King and royal family is very violent. All are lodged in *Quarteles* (barracks) wherever the King is, two, three, and even four in a room, the furniture of which consists of almost nothing else but their beds; that is, as many matrasses as there are men; matrasses not very soft, as they are filled with the coarsest tow. Each is al-

lowed a pair of coarse sheets, to be washed once a month. It is needless to tell you that their officers are all men of the highest rank.

These three companies of horse guards, together with another of foot called *Guardias Alabarderos*, are almost the (a) only military men to be seen in this peaceable town. The *Alabarderos* have in custody the inferior parts of the royal pa-

(a) Since the date of this letter, the state of Madrid has strangely altered in this respect. The sudden rising of the Inhabitants against the odious administration of Marquis De Squillace, on the 23d of March, 1766. has been the cause that a garrison of ten thousand men has been established in the town; nor does the King go now out of it without almost any guard, as it was formerly the case, but two files of soldiers border his way from the great gate of his palace to more than half a league out in the country. The ten thousand men are lodged in different quarters, and patrol the town both a-foot and on horseback, several hundreds every night. You may well think that the Madrid-people will never more dare to rise, having so formidable a body of regular troops to curb their spirit. Yet they carried their point at the time, as the hated Squillace was forced to quit the kingdom, and no tax laid upon bread, which was what gave the chief pretence to their insurrection.

lace,

lace, and the *Guardias de Corps* stand centinels by turns in the higher apartments. Should you want a distinct account of the land and sea-forces actually kept up in this kingdom, you have but to procure a Spanish almanack, where you will find, that, between both, they amount to about a hundred and fifty thousand.

Provisions are not so dear in this town as I expected, considering its populousness, and its being situated in a province that is far from being fertile. A poor family of six or seven people, may be daily supplied with bread, meat, and wine for as many reals. The bread here is as good as any where else; but the wine drank by the common people is not at all to my taste. Beef, veal, and fowls, seldom come within the reach of a poor man's purse, but pork and mutton are cheap enough. The common fare of the lower classes is fresh mutton and salted pork, boiled together with dry french-beans, chick-peas, onions, and pot-herbs.

On meagre days they feed upon stock-fish and pilchards, which they dress in various manners, but always so hot with *pimienta* (Spanish pepper,) that it is not easy for strangers to accustom themselves to such a burning diet. The very poorest live almost entirely on the distributions of victuals that many convents make here every day throughout the year. There the beggar makes sure of a loaf and a mess of broth, often enriched with a slice of meat; and this I take to be the chief reason that we are here so little incommoded by street-mendicants.

With regard to the tables of the rich, they are as sumptuous as any where else. A grandee of the first class was telling me the other day, that a full half of his income he must spend towards the maintenance of his table, and that income amounts to fifteen thousand pounds sterling; nor any reason could he give me of this prodigality; but that it is the custom to do so, and that every body does so. The single

single article of fresh fish, stands him in two thousand pounds a year: but you must know that Madrid is provided with fish from *Valencia*, which is near seventy leagues distant.

The two dearest necessaries in Madrid, I take to be wood for fuel and charcoal. A hundred pounds weight of either, costs near a crown. This is the cause, I suppose that chimneys are not much in fashion here. The poor in winter stand basking in the sun, wrapp'd up to the nose in their ample *Capas*, and the rich sit round a brazier placed in the midst of a room, with well lighted charcoal in it.

You may have heard, that Spanish parents marry their daughters much earlier than in other countries; and it is really a very common thing to see girls bound in wedlock here, that are but twelve or thirteen years old. Amongst other reasons that parents have for such premature marriages, there is this, that a young woman may easily get the husband she pleases, with-

without asking their consent. She that takes a fancy to a man, has but to give him a ring or any thing else as a pledge of her resolution to be his wife, and insist that she will have no other husband. The young man goes to his parish-priest, apprises him of his intention to marry such a woman, shows him the pledge he has of her love, and requires him to bring the marriage to a speedy conclusion. The priest goes to her parents, has Miss called before them, shows her the ring she gave, and asks her if it is true that she will have such a one for a husband. Miss answers in the affirmative, and her parents must submit to see her the wife of one who does not often meet with their approbation. Should they take into their heads to oppose the will of their girl, the priest carries her to a nunnery, where she is kept for a few days at a distance from her sweet-heart; and if during those few days her parents cannot persuade her to change her mind, the marriage

riage takes place in spight of them. I am told that the other day a French-cook ran away in this manner with the daughter of an Advocate, his master. However, this law does not extend to the chief nobility, and girls of high condition cannot so easily provide themselves with husbands after their own liking; but amongst the middle and lower classes, I am assured that there are many couples married every year after this capricious manner, without causing the least wonder, as a thing of course.

Another privilege that young women have here, and throughout the whole kingdom, is, that when they are got with child, they are likewise sure of a speedy marriage, as the man whom they charge with the fact, must turn a husband directly, or go to prison, and endure more vexation than he could possibly bear. How far such laws and practices are conducive to the good order and general advantage of society, I will not take upon

me

me to determine. But it is not unreasonable to think, that the Spaniards find no great inconvenience arising from them to the commonwealth, otherwise they would soon abolish them, as it is not possible for any nation long to suffer a law or practice, that causes much disturbance and proves highly inconvenient to the generality of individuals.

Yet among the Spanish laws there is one, which I think a very good one; and it is, that no eldest-born of a grandee, can marry the heiress of another. There is the *Countess of Benevente* here, whose daughter is to inherit an income of fifty thousand doubloons a year, and, in consequence of that law, she is to be married to the second son of the *Duke d' Opuna*, who as a cadet has not a shilling. Could the eldest son of that duke become her husband, he would be the richest subject in christendom; but the law will force him to marry one as poor as his younger brother; and thus will Spain have

have two families instead of one, both sufficiently rich, which might possibly not be the case without that law.

Here, as in Italy, the dead are carried to the grave with their faces uncovered, and always preceded by a long procession of priests and people singing psalms and litanies as they go along with lighted tapers in their hands. The grandees are dressed in their princely robes, and buried in them ; but the rest of the people are habited like friars and nuns. The young and unmarried, have an additional crown of artificial flowers on their heads. You may easily guess that the number of priests and burning tapers, is in proportion to the means that families have of burying their dead with more or less pomp and splendour.

The friars, I am told, have lately introduced a practice here of producing pictures before their audiences towards the close of their sermons, in order to give their eloquence a greater degree of efficacy.

efficacy. A friar, for instance, after having expatiated with as much ardour as possible on the torments of hell, nods to some attendants to bring the picture, which exhibits some devils running red and sharp irons into sinners. The devils, as you may imagine, are painted most frightful, with horns, claws, and serpentine tails. The souls are symbolized by girls, for no other reason, but because the word *soul* is of the feminine gender in this, as in some other languages. The reverend father claps a lighted torch before the picture, that it may be better seen by the spectators, and with the most hideous vociferation denounces everlasting torments to the unrepenting, like those that the painter has there expressed. The preachers of England only endeavour to persuade sinners out of their wickedness; but the Spanish fright them out of it. 'Tis pity that the author of *Fray Gerundio* has not been countenanced in his project of re-

forming the Spanish pulpit. This practice, which is here quite new, would have furnished him with an additional chapter in a second edition of that book.

And here ends the narrative of what I have heard and seen during the week I have now passed in this noble metropolis. I hope you will find that the week has been tolerably well employed. Certain it is, that my account of it would have proved more ample and interesting, but for that filthiness which forces me away. To that the physicians attribute a mortal kind of gripes, which may be called the peculiar plague of Madrid. Another ugly effect of that filthiness is, that it spoils the teeth of these inhabitants. The Spaniards out of Madrid have in general such teeth, as really deserve the poetical appellation of ivory, but here the case is quite different. It is great pity, especially with regard to women, whose black eyes, cheerful mien, and lively behaviour

haviour would subdue any Xenocrates, was it not for the ugliness of their mouths.

## LETTER LXI.

*Squares in every town to fight bulls in.*

*Cruelty inherent in man. A charitable woman. Small chapels by the side of high roads. Colleges ruined or going to ruins.*

Alcalà de Henarez, Oct. 14, 1760.

**T**HIS morning about eight I quitted Madrid, and not without regret, as I met with no person there, but what endeavoured to please me. Without the gate at which I came out, there is an amphitheatre of a considerable size, where bull-fights are much oftener exhibited than in the *Plaza Mayor* already mentioned.

It seems that these fights are, like the fandango, one of the chief passions of the Spaniards. There is not a town in this kingdom, but what has a large square for the purpose of fighting bulls; and

and foreigners as well as natives have repeatedly told me, that even the poorest inhabitants of the smallest villages, unable to afford the expence of a bull, will often club together in order to procure a cow or an ox, and fight them riding upon asses for want of horses. In former days no body was allowed to fight a bull on horseback, that was not a gentleman born; but time has superseded this law, and at present bull-fighting is utterly engrossed by the lower classes. However from time to time gentlemen will venture their guts against the horns of a bull, to show their spirit or please a mistress, especially at the exhibitions in the *Plaza Mayor*, at which the King and the whole court never fail to be present.

I have no leisure to trace this custom of bull-fighting historically up to its origin; but it was certainly instituted by cruelty, or I am widely mistaken. The proneness to cruelty is inherent in man, and a characteristic of his nature. You

startle, and are sorry to hear me say this : yet I say a truth, though a hard one; witness the delight we take in doing mischief before we reach the age of reflection; witness the brutal multitudes that eagerly run to see shows of danger and blood; witness the athletic combats of the Greeks, the gladiatorial wounds of the Romans, and so forth. Crouds will gaze with rapture on a perilous (*a*) *Volo*, or on cocks piercing each other's breast with a sharp iron : crouds will surround the wretch, who is going to be strangled, broken, or burnt. Are not such inclinations natural to us, and do they not imply an innate cruelty in our nature ? Was it not for education, that suppresses it, what a hateful breed mankind would prove !

(*a*) *An Italian show, in which a fellow ventures down a rope, one end of which is tied to the upper part of a steeple, and the other fastened to the lower of some opposite building. It has happened that such fellows lost their hold, and were shattered to pieces by the fall.*

Such

Such were the thoughts that swam in my head, as I went by that amphitheatre. Not far from it we crossed the *Manzanares*, and about a league further another small river called *Xarama*. They say that the King has a plan to join them both in one; and turn their streams to the purposes of agriculture. Could this ever be done, the country round would not look so uncomfortable as it does at present, being quite sandy and destitute of trees.

At the distance of two leagues beyond the *Xarama*, there is a small village called *Torrejon de Ardoz*, surrounded by a few kitchen-gardens, and corn-fields. There we stopped to refresh ; and while an omelet was making ready I took notice that the woman of the Posada stood at the door with both her hands full of *quartillos*, which she distributed amongst a number of poor who had assembled there to receive her alms. I made bold to ask her the motive of her liberality. *Espor las animas*, answered the woman ;

that is, to relieve the souls in purgatory. The *animas* in Spain, as I have already observed, are a mighty mover of people's charity, and to them the beggars as well as the priests are much indebted, because their greatest income arises from the desire that all Spaniards have to alleviate the torments of the souls in purgatory, which they think is infallibly effected by giving alms to the poor, and having masses celebrated by the priests. The woman of the *posada*, as she told me, has set apart four days in the year to distribute alms to the poor in her neighbourhood, and this day happens to be one of the four.

As you travel through Spain you meet by the side of every great road with chapels, that go under the appellation of *hermitas*, though no hermit lives in them. These *hermitas* are all very small, and have no windows, but only a hole in the door, through which passengers throw *quartillos* and *ochavos* in the inside, and all

*por*

*por las animas* as usual. I alighted to look into one of them through the hole of its door, but could see nothing of what was in it except a lamp that scarcely gave any light. I asked the caleffero what was the use of a lighted lamp in a chapel where no body lived. *Es para alumbrar los Santos de palo,* answered the fellow in a mocking tone; that is, *it is to light the Saints of wood,* meaning the wooden statues of saints usually placed in the *hermitas.* I could not help wondering at the bold expression of the incredulous rascal, as I thought that the meaner sort throughout the country never dared to make a jest of wooden saints; and rebuking him seriously for his levity of words, he added with some archness, that he was no Castilian, but a Catalonian, and that he had travelled through France. You have travelled to very bad purpose, said I, if you have learned no better than to scoff at what is held sacred in your country, and I think you would do better to stick to

your religion, lest you come to any harm; nor does it belong to calefferos to break jests upon the *Santos de palo*, but their business is to mind their mules and avoid the inquisition. This reprimand, which he expected not from a foreigner, put him to the blush, and he is now making interest with Batiste, that I may not delate him to the Inquisitor General at Sarragozza.

A little before five we entered *Alcalà*, which is six leagues from Madrid, and entered it by the gate of *San Yago*. Leaving the care of ordering supper to Batiste, I went to see the town. Some parts of it look very well, having several level streets, and a pretty wide square. There is an university here, that was once very famous. *It was founded*, says the historian Mariana, *about the end of the fifteenth century by an Archbishop of Toledo, upon the model of that at Paris*; and, like that and many other, it consists

sists of a number of colleges built in different parts of the town.

The first college that I entered, is called *del Rey* (*the King's*) because it was erected by Philip III. So the porter told me, that has it in custody. That porter is now the only inhabitant of the college, which has long been deserted, and is visibly going to decay. The apartments formerly inhabited by the students, run round a square, ornamented with a double portico.

Coming out of it, I met with an Augustine friar at the gate of his cloyster, and bowing to him, begged leave to give a look to his church and convent. The friar courteously complied with my demand, and took me all over his and his brethren's habitation. Three of the altars in their church are worth seeing, and their sacristy is one of the finest rooms in Alcalà, curiously embellished with gilding and pictures. While I employed my eyes in examining it, a lemonade with

some biscuits was brought me by another friar; and as I was going to take my leave of them with thanks for their civility, they both insisted upon their coming to show me the town.

We passed before the jesuits' church, which was already shut. If the inside of it bears any proportion to the outside, it must be very fine. Then we went to see the *Collegio Mayor de Santo Idefonso*, the grandest edifice in Alcalà. It consists of three large court yards. The first is the best of the three, as it is surrounded by three high porticos, one over the other. There would be room enough in that college for four hundred students if it was in good order: but it is going to ruins, like that *del Rey*, so that their number amounts to no more than fifteen or sixteen. They wear ample gowns and square caps, both the caps and gowns of a saffron colour. A knot of them I saw earnestly engaged in disputation, and took notice that they made use of the

Latin tongue instead of the native, as they do likewise in most of our Italian universities; which is a bad practice in my opinion, as it accustoms young men to speak Latin with too great a laxity, and unclassically.

The two friars and I, crossed the three court-yards, and passed by another college called *de Santo Agustin*, which in a very little time will be nothing but a heap of rubbish. Near it there is that of *San Tomaso*, deserted likewise, and tumbling to pieces. “ In this college, as tradition informs us, was the great cardinal Ximènes educated (said one of the friars), and when he came to be archbishop of Toledo, this university flourished greatly under his powerful protection: but you see in what a condition a few ages have reduced it! We had here ten thousand students in his time, and scarce a hundred are now left. Long wars, ignorance, and Salamanca, have robbed this town of its

“ stu-

“ students, and Madrid of our nobility  
 “ and gentry; so that Alcalà, once the  
 “ most glorious town in Castile, is now  
 “ one of the poorest in the kingdom !”

Thus discoursing we went to the *Collegio de Málaga*, formerly a larger edifice than even *San Idelfonso*’s. It contained once four or five court-yards with noble porticos round each; but is now in the same condition with those of *San Tomás* and *del Rey*, or worse. The best part of its walls is fallen into its cellars, and numberless spiders form their webs in the clefts of the broken steps of its principal stair-case. In former times there has been room in it for about a thousand students. At present only one small corner of it is inhabited by half a dozen.

I would fain have seen the rest of these dismal colleges, especially that called *the Irish*, in which no body is admitted a student, except he be a native of Ireland or Great Britain, and a catholic: but night came on; so that I was forced to

part

part company with my kind conductors, and retire to the *Posada*. The habit of students in most universities is black; but in this each college is distinguished by a particular colour. That of the Irish is green, and their number has not amounted to a full dozen these many years, as the friars told me. They generally enter into orders when of a proper age, and then go back to their country as missionaries, and there endeavour to make converts to the Roman church. Out of nineteen or twenty colleges in this university, two thirds are absolutely uninhabitable, and the other third in a miserable plight. What a condition for a place that so many men formerly strove to render illustrious by the cultivation of learning! The chief cause of so woeful a decline, I take to have been the want of a permanent income. That want rendered it dependant on the royal treasury, and the dependance proved so precarious, that every college mouldered away

away by degrees, as the Kings of Spain happened to find that they wanted soldiers rather than scholars.

*Alcalà*, called *Complutum* by the Romans, did not in the fifteenth century reckon less than sixty thousand inhabitants, exclusive of the university. At present it contains but between four and five thousand, and very few amongst them that are opulent. For about twenty shillings sterling, I am told that a man may rent one of the best houses in the town. At a distance it appears to great advantage being encompassed by a moorish wall that abounds with turrets like *Toledo*, and many other Spanish towns.

## LETTER LXII.

*Productions of some Spanish provinces. The life of a muleteer. River Nares. Cloth manufactory at Guadalaxara. A French cook. Hermita in a valley with an inscription on it, &c.*

Torrixa, Oct. 15, 1760.

THIS morning I got up long before day-break, and walked alone to the *Venta de Meco*, which is about a league from Alcalà, musing all the way on the hard fate of its university.

At that *Venta* I tarried about an hour, sitting on a tottering stool by a fire with nine or ten muleteers, who had passed the night there, and were making ready for Madrid, whither amongst other things they carry Aragonian beef and veal.

I found by the discourse of these people, that the veal and beef eaten in that capital, are chiefly gotten from *Aragon*; the pork from *Estremadura*; the mutton and fowls from *Toledo* and *Leon*; the sea-fish, legumes, and fruit from *Valencia*; the

the bread from *Old Castile*; and the wine and cheese from *La Mancha*. The greatest part of these provisions being carried thither by means of mules, incessant and long are the processions that one sees of those animals going backwards and forwards on every road round Madrid.

Having warmed myself well, as the morning proved very cold, and swallowed a couple of fresh eggs, I took my leave of the muleteers, and went to wait for my calesseros at the *Venta de San Juan*, which is a league distant from that of *Meco*. *San Juan's* was also full of muleteers bound to and from Madrid. The poor fellows live a very hard life, pacing after their beasts during the day, feeding upon almost nothing else but chick-peas and salt-fish three times in the four and twenty hours, and sleeping at night on the bare ground in the stables by the side of their mules, each man wrapp'd up in a *Manta*, or *mule-covering*, with a pack-saddle

saddle under his head by way of pillow. As far however as I have had opportunities to mind them in this journey, it would not be an easy matter to find a more cheerful set of men than the Spanish muleteers. They scarcely ever appear weary; and in spight of their long walks during the day, they are always ready to fall a dancing wherever they meet with women at night, after having stroaked and curried their beasts, and given them their *cevada*, or *portion of chopped straw*. Nor are they less good-humour'd on the road, bantering each other as far as their wits can go, and still oftener singing in chorus; which continual exercise renders their voices very flexible, so that many of them please the ear very well, and very few disgust it, be their skill in singing ever so indifferent. They look in general very manly, being of a good stature, and perfectly well limb'd, nor would a painter disdain to draw their brown faces, frequently adorn-

ed with black eye-brows, high noses, and thick lips. I have seen them at their victuals, and envied the goodness of their stomachs, though far from wanting one myself ever since I entered Spain, excepting only the week that I have passed in Madrid. The greatest part of them drink at a meal more than I could in three days, nor have they their *borrachos* ever empty; yet none of them ever gets drunk, ebriety being the vice that is most detested by the Spaniards, both high and low.

About eight o'clock my calefferos overtook me, and we travelled three leagues further to Guadalaxara, a town that contains between six and seven thousand inhabitants, as I am told. About half a mile before we reached it, we crossed the noisy river *Nares* on a bridge of boats, because that of stone which was over it, has been broken down this fortnight past by a sudden encrease of the waters.

The inn at *Guadalaxara* is by much the best that I have as yet seen in Spain. It is kept by a fat Frenchman, who, besides a soop and some ragouts, gave me a brace of excellent partridges and a spitful of small birds for dinner. While it was preparing, I went to see the cloth-manufactory, which, next to that of *Segovia*, is reckoned to be the greatest in the kingdom. I counted seventy-four looms all in one room on the ground-floor, and several more in other rooms above-stairs. The director of the manufactory, a very civil Biscayan, took me all about the place, explaining every thing that wanted explanation. He showed me various specimens of the cloth, and assured me, that about four thousand pieces of it have been yearly made there during these three years past. No cloth is made there but what is superfine ; however, as he said himself, they do not yet make it so tight and durable as the superfine cloth of England. Their scarlet is

the most esteemed ; and the Biscayan pretends that its colour is quite as vivid as that of the *Gobelins*.

The house where this manufacture is, was formerly the palace of a grandee, who sold it to the king. The court-yard of it is adorned with several pedestrian marble statues, which will soon tumble from their pedestals, if nobody takes more care of them than the director does. The keeping up of this manufactory costs his majesty several thousand doubloons yearly, that the cloth may be sold at a moderate price, which could not otherwise be done ; the expence of the workmen being now too great, as they are almost all foreigners kept there by exorbitant pay. The director is in hopes, that in a few years many of the natives will learn the trade ; and then, says he, the manufactory will not depend entirely on the king's munificence, as it does at present.

The French *Posadero* told me at dinner, that during the three following days I should find no grapes on the road to fill my basket as usual : yet I had not gone a league in the afternoon, but I found his information as false and ridiculous, as it was unwelcome. Just a league from *Guadalaxara* there is *Taracena*, a village that looks well at a distance, the territory of which is all planted with vines. I did not go through the village, but left it on my right hand, and about half a mile from it saw an *Ermita* (you know now what an *Ermita* is) that had this inscription in large letters pasted on the door :

*El illustissimo señor don Juan Francisco Manrique de Lara, Bravo de Guzman, Obispo de Placencia, concede quarenta dias de indulgencia a todas las personas que rezaren una salve delante de la imagen de nuestra señora de el Valle, que se venera en su Ermita de la Valle de Taracena.*

In English, “*The most illustrious lord  
“ don John Francis Manrique de Lara,  
“ Bravo de Guzman, bishop of Placentia,  
“ grants forty days indulgence to every  
“ body that shall recite a (a) salve before  
“ the image of our Lady of the Valley,  
“ which is venerated in her hermitage (or  
“ chapel) in the Valley of Tarracena.”*

You may possibly think that this inscription is too unimportant to deserve copying and translating. But, besides that I must now make the most of every trifle, if I will fill my nightly letters, having no time to stop for enquiries after mighty things, you must likewise consider, that what appears a trifle to one, may not be thought so by another. You will probably not be the only readers of my itinerary. If you like it, you will be glad to have it read by your friends. I shall think of printing it myself, if I find

(a) *A Latin prayer to the Virgin Mary, which begins, Salve regina mater misericordiæ.*

it approved by many of them ; and who knows but amongst those that shall read it, several may never have known what they will learn from this inscription, that the bishops of our church enjoy the privilege of granting forty days indulgence to the reciters of a *salve* before a madona ? But pray, brothers, what do you think the most part of the Greek and Roman inscriptions, that fill so many folios in every antiquarian's library ? Unimportant trifles like this, in my opinion : yet many of the most learned men in all ages and countries have thought fit to employ a considerable part of their time in collecting, explaining, and illustrating them. My inscription compared to theirs, has to be sure, the great disadvantage of being a modern one ; but still, I must endeavour to preserve it, for the sake of many a scholar, that shall come into the world two or three thousand years hence ; and who knows but some future *Grævius* or *Spanhemius* may thank me for it, and

wish that I had copied not only every inscription on the doors of the Spanish *Ermitas*, but even every bit of nonsense written with chalk or charcoal on the walls of all the Spanish *Ventas* and *Posadas*? And here I must apprise you, that few are the Posadas and Ventas which have not their walls covered with mottos, proverbs, sentences, and ribaldry, both in prose and verse.

From the *Ermita* we went on along the valley mentioned in it. The valley is a league in length, and about a mile broad. It lies between two mountains, whose dismal barrenness contrasts very well with its pleasant fertility. On the right hand the ground is planted with vines, now loaded with grapes; and on the left with olive-trees, intermixed with sycamores and fig-trees. At the end of the valley there is a small town, called *Val de Noches*, which, they say, was the native place of *Hernando Cortes*, the renowned conqueror of Mexico. Beyond

*Val*

*Val de Noches* there is another valley near as long and broad as that of Taracena, and still more beautiful than that, terminated by a great number of kitchen-gardens, that surround this village of Torrixá; at the entrance of which there is a Moorish castle, formerly a noble edifice, but now in a most ruinous condition. The *Posada* here is still better than that at *Guadalaxara*; I mean with regard to the building, and the rooms in it, which are pretty neat. The supper that the *Posadera* gave us, bears no proportion, in point of cookery, with the dinner we had from the Frenchman; but the woman sat down with me and Batiste, which made the viuctuals more palatable, because she is as great a beauty as the fair Catalina at Badajoz.

## LETTER LXIII.

*A dialogue between a traveller and an ass-driver. The urbanity of a grandee. The highest top in Spain. Cheap rent of houses.*

Alcolea del Pinaz, Oct. 17, 1760, about noon.

LAST night I slept at Algóra, and would, as usual, have written from thence, had I found a table to write upon in that sorry *Venta*. But why do I give it the epithet of sorry? The marquis de Castromonte, who is a grandee of the first class, lodged there as well as myself; and a place that affords a lodging to such a personage and his numerous retinue, ought not to be called a sorry one.

But let us proceed with our customary method, and tell the story of yesterday and to-day with due regularity.

Yesterday morning, setting out by break of day, we went to dine at *Gra-janejo*,

*janejo*, a small village about four leagues from *Torrixa*, and saw no kind of habitation during those four leagues, excepting another village called *Triqueque*, which lies at some distance from the main road. But fail you not to take notice here, that I am very punctual in naming all the inhabited places I see, and set down their relative distances with as much exactness as travelling will permit, that I may enable you to form some sort of idea of the populousness of the provinces I am crossing.

We could have had no dinner at all at *Grajanejo*, had it not been for some fowls ready roasted, that we got from the Frenchman at *Guadalaxara*. However, we had a large fire, which was as necessary as the dinner, because the weather was very cold, though it had been insupportably hot only three days ago at Madrid. The reason of this difference is, that since we left *Alcalá* we have been going up the great mountains of Aragon.

The

The ambient element grows in a manner colder and colder at every step. From *Grajanejo* to the *Venta* of *Algóra* there are four leagues, which I resolved to pace in the afternoon, in spight of a frozen breeze that blew from the north. Leaving therefore Batiste with the calefferos, I entered an ample forest, chiefly composed of those oaks, the acorns of which have a sweet taste, and I chewed many of them by way of alleviating the tediousness of my lonely walk.

Journeying on in this manner I overtook a fellow who drove some asses before him, and joined company with him. *Who are you, cavallero, said I, and whither are you going with these asses?*

“ *Señor cavallero, said he, I am a poor labourer, and live in the mountains of Burgos, I am going to visit the milagrosa nuestra Señora del Pillár at Zaragozza, and these asses belong to some cavaliers, who were pleased to give me something for my driving them a few leagues.*”

*But,*

*But, said I, who is this miraculous Lady of the Pillar you go to pay a visit to? I am a stranger here, and never was in this country before; so I shall be obliged to you if you will inform me of her.*

*"Our Lady of the Pillar, answered the man, is a famous image worshipped in a great church at Zaragozza. She is as much esteemed throughout the world (en todo el mundo was the expression) as those of Guadeloupe and Monserrate, because she is quite as miraculous as they, if not more."*

*And are you paid, said I, for going to pay her a visit so far as the mountains of Burgos to Zaragozza?*

*"Paid, sir, said the fellow, quite surprised at my question. Paid? And who should pay me for it? Nobody goes to visit a nuestra Señora for pay."*

*This is what I did not know, said I. But still, what is your motive for going so long a journey a-foot, and not amply supplied with money, as you gave me reason to think*

" *I go, said he, because I made a vow  
to go.*"

*I suppose, said I, that you are a bachelor,  
and have nobody at home to mind, since  
you chuse to stroll so far.*

" *Excuse me, said he ; but I have a  
wife and three children.*"

*Very well, said I ; I am glad to hear you  
have a family. But who takes care of them  
while you are upon this errand ?"*

" *Nuestra Señora del Pillár, said he,  
will take care of them, and send them  
some elemosnita (small alms) to support  
themselves during my absence."*

*Some elemosnita, friend ! and have they  
nothing else to rely upon, but the alms that  
the holy Lady is to send them ?*

" *Nothing else, indeed, said he ; for we  
are very poor.*"

*But pray, my good man ; would it not  
have been better for you to stay at home, and  
work for their bread and yours, rather than  
to abandon them to the chance of an elemos-  
nita ?*

" *Sir,*

" Sir, said he, I beg your pardon for  
 " saying, that you foreigners do not under-  
 " stand religion so well as we. I have  
 " heard it said once by a reverend person,  
 " that foreigners prefer their interest to  
 " their religion, and that we prefer our re-  
 " ligion to our interest. I shall never for-  
 " get that saying. And must I not think  
 " of my religion before I think of my family,  
 " being as I am, a christiano viejo? Must  
 " we not accomplish our vows when we  
 " have made them?"

The argument of my old christian was too strong for me to reply. Therefore, putting some *quartillos* into his hand, I wished him a good journey to his *mila-grofa Señora*, and slackened my pace. The calefferos overtook me, and we reached the *Venta* just as the sun was going down.

Sir, said the *Ventero*, I am sorry I have not the least room for you, as the whole house is taken up by a grandee, who is just arrived.

This grandee was the marquis of *Castromonte*, already mentioned. He is on his return from Venice, where he has been ambassador some years. He travels with a considerable number of servants, and sends a courier before, to bespeak the *Ventas* and the *Posadas* wherever he is to pass a night. It was now too late for me to think of advancing further to the next Posada. What could I do in such a situation? I took my resolution in an instant, and answered the *Ventero*, that I would make shift to sleep in the stable on my straw bag, if it was not possible to get a room.

While I was talking with the man, the marquis came to the door, and, guessing at the subject of our discourse, approached me courteously, and asked me what countryman I was. I told him my country, together with my present distress. We must manage better, said he to the *Ventero*, than to send this gentleman to sleep in the stable. Let me see.

*Pedrillo* (speaking to one of his men) what room have you got? That next your excellency, said *Pedrillo*. Well, my lad, (replied his excellency) thou must have patience for one night, and accommodate this stranger with thy room. I shall take care of myself, said *Pedrillo* in very good humour, and there is room enough in the stable.

My lodging being thus luckily settled, I entered the *Venta* with the marquis, who politely forced me to sit with him by the kitchen fire-side, together with his servants and several muleteers, and insisted upon my partaking of his supper, which was dressing at that same fire. It was set before us two hours after, and proved as sumptuous as any that was ever eaten in so poor a place. You may well think that we were not wanting in chit-chat during the time. We talked of Venice, Madrid, and London, till midnight, and he seemed as much pleased with my loquacity, as I was pleased with his affability.

affability. Had he been so reserved and proud as the Spanish nobility are constantly represented in French romances and Italian farces, I should have passed but a very indifferent night by some mule, horse, or ass. In our long conversation we lamented the narrowness, inconvenience, and wretchedness of the Spanish *Ventas* and *Posadas*: but he informed me, that a scheme had been thought on in Madrid, to render those on the principal roads better, by inviting strangers to keep them. How this will be contrived I don't know: but it will certainly not be an easy matter to have good inns in a country so little visited by travellers as this is.

As soon as I got up this morning, I bid Batiste to make amends to honest *Pedrillo* for the trouble I had caused him; but *Pedrillo* has a soul, and desired Batiste to keep for himself what I intended for him.

I must not forget to say, that last night, I saw a Moorish castle, built on the top of a hill, not far from the *venta* of *Algóra*. There is never an end of Moorish castles in this region; but I could spare no time to go and give a look to the ruins of that, as the days are shortening apace, and we must now travel somewhat faster than usual, that we may not reach the posadas too late at night.

It is now near noon, and we have already gone four leagues. About an hour ago we mounted a rugged steep, where my chaise was several times in danger of being overturned, and came to this miserable village of *Alcoleá*, which the Spaniards believe to be the highest place in this kingdom. They affirm, that the highest top in the Pireneans is a mile lower than this, and I am almost disposed to believe them, when I consider that we have been insensibly ascending these three days, and during no less than four and twenty leagues.

A POSTSCRIPT from *Maranchon* at night.

Coming down a steep and broken road from *Alcoleá*, we reached this place at sun-set. The posada, where we intended to alight, was so crowded with muleteers and other people, that the landlord had no room to spare us: but, as this is a village, and not a venta, it was not difficult to find a lodging in a peasant's house. A large number of women of all ages, environed me as I alighted, wanting me to buy bread, fowls, pigeons, game, eggs, and other eatables, of which each of them had her basket full. The house, in which I have taken up my quarters for the night, is perhaps the best edifice in the place, as it consists of seven rooms; for which the landlord tells me, that he pays but four *pesos duros* rent, something less than twenty shillings a year. At this rate, said I to myself, I should be but a very poor lord, if I was the *lord of Maranchon*. The village consists of about two hundred houses, and he would be

but

but indifferently rich that was the proprietor of them all. Consider then how poor the occupiers of these houses must be, the greatest part of whom are not even masters of that, in which each of them lives. Yet these people look much better than the inhabitants of all the villages I left behind me: the women especially, appear very clean. They tie their tresses with silk ribbons, have silver rings to their ears, and silver crosses to their necks. Their chief trade consists in bringing up fowls and pigeons, and there is not a muleteer or calessero that comes this way, but makes an ample provision of them, to sell them again in the neighbouring towns. These women are very happy when they can sell a couple of large fowls to a traveller for three-pence English, and a dozen of eggs for a penny: I have had a supper to-night that would have sufficed six people, and my bed, as well as Baptiste's, are (exclusive of Madrid) the softest and best that we have as yet had since

we left Lisbon : yet the whole reckoning amounts not to a shilling. I was told in Madrid, that the duke of *Medina Celi* is proprietor of near four hundred villages in *Old Castile*. If this is true, they must be much worse than *Maranchon*, as his income amounts only to sixty thousand pounds sterling, two-thirds of which arise from lands, mills, and other tenements in other parts of Spain. Was he possessed of as many villages within two hundred miles round London, he would undoubtedly be richer than all his brother grandees put together ; such is the difference between a country that is commercial, and one that is not.

## LETTER LXI.

*Good accounts not to be written from small places. Industrious country - women. Some extempore singing. No such thing among the Arabs.*

Tortuera, Oct. 13, 1760.

THE story of this day is so very short, that it might be dispatched in half a dozen lines, if I had a mind to it; but the habit of scribbling at night is now become so strong, that I must be at it, whether I have a subject or not, and must tell not only what I have heard or seen during the day, but even some part of what I have thought: bear it therefore with patience, brothers, should any of my future letters prove too scanty of materials, or should words in a good measure supply the place of facts. You would be unreasonable to expect from ventas, villages, and petty towns, such ac-

counts as those I have penned from Madrid.

The further I advance into Aragon, the better I find the inhabitants in many respects. From Alcalá to this place I have not yet seen one of those disgusting female beggars, who go about Estremadura with an image in their hands, and force you to kiss it whether you like it or not. Many were the women who encircled my chaise to-day at *Barbazil*, *Terra Molina*, and *Poncha*; but, instead of begging, they offered to sell us baskets of fowls, pigeons, partridges, thrushes, eggs, cabbages, onions, garlick, honey, grapes, and other eatables. The baskets they held hanging on their left arms, that they might employ their hands in spinning, which they continued to do even while they were talking, as if afraid of losing time. I never saw a set of country-women that I liked better. Most of them were habited in coarse woollen

woollen stuff, but both old and young looked very neat. The old wore *monteras*, or *woollen caps*; but the young had their heads bare. They tie their hair on the highest part of the head, and let it fall down their backs, divided in two tresses. Many had silver buckles to their shoes, besides their silver ear-rings and neck-crosses. I complimented two or three of the prettiest, on their beauty and their neatness, and my notice was received with a courtesy and a smile.

We dined at *Terra Molina*, and came to pass the night in this village of *Tortuera* which deserves the appellation of a market town. As I alighted, I heard Guittarists playing as they were going along the street followed by a croud. Impelled by my usual curiosity, I joined that croud, and stopped with them under the window of a *muchacha muy guapa*, as I understood upon enquiry. The two fellows, who drew us after them, began to sing extempore, the praises of the

*handsome maiden*, and said so much of her beauty and virtue, that they could not say more if she had been a composition between Venus and Sancta Theresa. Yet their exaggerations had not force enough to induce her to come to the window, because she was not at home, as one of the by-standers humorously observed. However, they went on very briskly for an hour, singing alternately a *Seguedilla* each, sneering at each other sometimes; that is, when the affonance or the rhyme happened to be lame, or the verses somewhat shorter or longer than the metre allowed, which raised several laughs.

I cannot indeed say much in favour of the versification of the two bards, nor did I expect many poetical images from rusticks, who probably cannot read. Yet there was a warmth of sentiment and rapidity of expression in almost every *Seguedilla*, that gave me reason to be sufficiently astonished at their powers.

I own, brothers, that I am not a little proud when I think I am probably the first traveller who took notice of this peculiarity of extempore-singing in these regions. Whether the Greeks and Romans sung thus, or not, I have not erudition enough to ascertain. But there is a passage in Homer, and one in Virgil, that lead us to think their respective countrymen were not perfect strangers to this custom. Homer introduces the poet Phemias to sing extempore at the table of Penelope's suitors ; and though the verses sung by Phemias are composed by Homer, yet Homer would not (I think) have produced an extempore-singer in the Odyssey, if the custom of unpremeditated singing had not been practised in Greece. Then Virgil gives us the dialogue of two shepherds :

*Arcades ambo,  
Et cantare pares, & respondere parati;*

and

and their being *both ready to answer*, indicates, or seems to indicate, that the practice of singing extempore was not unknown to the ancient Romans.

Whether we can infer from these two passages, that the Romans and Greeks were addicted to this pleasing exercise of the mental powers, I dare not take upon me to decide ; but it is sure, that neither the French nor the English (the two most polished nations of the age) have this practice ; and I do not recollect any account of any other people, ancient or modern, that had it. Yet it cannot be presumed that the Spanish and Italian are the two only nations endowed with imaginations sufficiently fiery, as to possess this gift exclusively of all other nations. There are, possibly, many more that do, or have done the same ; but which they are, or were, we know not ; or, to speak more properly, I know not. I only know that I read the article through in *Cafiris's Catalogue of the Arabic*

Arabic Poets; but could find neither trace nor hint that the Arabs had this practice, though the Arabs seem to have been as poetical a breed as ever existed.

It is needless to tell you, that after supper we have had ~~an~~ hour of dancing. I forbear to tell you this whenever it happens, merely to avoid repetition.

## L E T T E R L X V.

*Many ruined castles, and why. A French Pilgrim. Absurd waste of wax. A Spanish Eunuch,*

Daroca, Oct. 19, 1760.

AT the distance of a league from *Tortuéra*, we crossed this morning a village called *Embid*, where I took notice of a castle in ruins on a neighbouring hill. The Spanish vulgar bestow the appellation of *Moorish* to every ruined castle in the kingdom: but the empire of the Moriscos was not of long duration,

duration, either in Aragon or Catalonia; therefore, it is not easily to be supposed, that they could or would erect such a number of large buildings, as is to be seen throughout these two provinces. Then many of the ruins themselves betray a taste of architecture much unlike that of the Moriscos ; therefore it is not improbable but that the greatest part of those castles were nothing more than the houses belonging to the ancient nobility and richer gentry, who formerly did not use to live constantly in great towns, as it is the universal custom at this present time.

From *Embid* to *Uséd*, where we dined, there are three leagues. The intermediate country looks extremely fertile, and is full of trees of various kinds.

Mere chance apprised me to-day that the Spaniards do not eat meagre on Saturdays, as we do in Italy, though the religion of both countries is the same. I do not know the reason of this difference;

ence ; but suppose that it is caused by the scarcity of fish in the inner provinces of this kingdom, too distant from the sea, and not abounding in rivers. I wonder I did not take notice of this peculiarity during my stay in Madrid. I see by this oversight that I am guilty of inattention, as well as all other travellers.

Strolling about the town of *Uſéd* while dinner was preparing, I met with a Frenchman in the habit of a pilgrim, and asked him to dine. He accepted of the invitation, and gave me an account of his long rambles through Spain and Italy. Being crossed in love by his father, an apothecary at Bourdeaux, he ran away from home, and has led a most erratic life these five or six years, scarcely ever staying a whole day in one place. Not being aware that he was talking to an Italian, he gave me but a very indifferent account of the charity of our friars, to whom pilgrims have a prescriptive right to apply for food when pressed

pressed by hunger. Our Italian pilgrims, in his opinion, are likewise a hateful race ; and he assured me, from his own repeated experience, that nine in ten are mere vagabonds and thieves ; which is not the case with those in Spain, where people of some consideration, and sometimes gentlemen, undertake to go a pilgrimage to Loretto and Roine, impelled by motives of devotion.

As he is but a young man, I endeavoured to persuade him to return to his father, and procure a pardon for his desertion, which may probably be easily obtained after so long an absence ; but he is absolutely resolved to go on in his present way of life, and walk from sanctuary to sanctuary for ever, without ever going out of this kingdom, where alms are seldom denied to pilgrims at convents and by the country people. You have heard that Spain is not wanting in sanctuaries, and he has visited them all several times already. He told me a great many

things of *San Yago de Compostella* in Galicia, and of *Nuestra Señora de Monserrate* in Catalonia, that would be worth relating ; but I apprehend that his accounts are inaccurate, and I will not enter into long details upon the bare word of a stroller, of whom I know nothing. As he seemed to have some sort of school-education, I advised him to keep an account of his rambles, and was going to give him such directions as I think proper on such a subject ; but he has now been so long without handling a pen, that he cannot use it with facility ; and I don't question but he will soon lose the power of writing, having been very slow in writing a sentence with my pencil. I would give much for an exact journal of such a rambler ; and am sure it would prove very entertaining, was it done with any degree of skill. He travels on leisurely, begging his way, and relying intirely upon the chance of people's charity. But since an alms is  
easily

easily obtained in this country, I wonder that the number of pilgrims is not greater, this being the only one that I have as yet seen in Spain.

A league on this side *Uféd* we crossed a village called *Sanséd*, which, like *Embíd*, has a ruined castle on a neighbouring eminence. Going still onwards another league, we found ourselves on the summit of a mountain, where we had strait before us a wide prospect of a great number of barren hills, gradually rising one behind another. There I alighted, and, quitting my calefferos, and the great road, walked along a shortening path to the town of *Daroca*, which lies at bottom of a most beautiful valley. A small river that runs by it, fertilizes it greatly, and renders it a delightful spot. The landscape round the town is pleasingly diversified by rocky cliffs, some of which are very high. Zuccarelli's fanciful pencil never drew any thing superior

perior to the romantic environs of *Daroca*.

Having waited half an hour at the *posada* for the arrival of my people, and ordered supper, I went to see the town, which is but little, yet not ill built. I entered a church, in which a benediction was just going to be given. Its principal altar was lighted with at least three hundred tapers ; and a numerous band of musicians from the organ-place filled the air with harmony, both vocal and instrumental. I see that the Spaniards are no better œconomists than the Italians in the article of illuminations in churches. Like us, they waste more wax in them than the country can afford ; so that, like us, they are obliged to procure a good deal from foreign parts. I have long wondered at our Italian governments, that never would suppress, or at least restrain this idle expence of ours. But this is not the only instance of absurd administration amongst us and the Spaniards.

At the above benediction I heard an eunuch sing, and asked a by-stander whether he was an Italian or a Spaniard. *Arragonés como yo* (*an Arragonian like myself*) was the laconick answer. But, pray replied I, have you also the handsome custom here that they have in Italy, of mutilating children to make musicians? We have no such custom, answered the man. This singer, they say, was a poor boy that suffered castration in an hospital at Zaragozza in consequence of some distemper: This gave him his fine voice, and his voice obtained him patrons; and as he has turned priest, our bishop has procured him a good chaplainship in this town. He is a *Licenciado*, and condescends sometimes to sing in churches on festival-days.

## LETTER LXVI.

*Barren country. Shrubs that serve for fuel.*

*A Pochéro. A lonely place. English and Spanish dogs. A plant of thyme plucked up, and why. Don Diego and his little daughter. Garnache, an excellent wine.*

Longáres, Oct. 20, 1760.

I Begin to be ashamed of the repetition; yet I cannot help saying, that close to the village of *Retascón*, and a league from the town of *Daroca*, there is on an eminence a *castillo morisco*; that is, another castle gone entirely to ruins.

During that league and the two following, to a knot of poor houses called *Mainár*, the more you advance, the more barren the land appears: but from *Mainár* to the *venta de San Martin* (another league) the country is quite a desert that produces nothing, except rosemary, spike, thyme, and other such shrubs,

which serve the inhabitants instead of fuel.

Having set out this morning three hours before my calefferos, I reached that *venta* a-foot. There I should have been glad to find a bed to throw myself on for a couple of hours : but the house is small, and every room in it had been taken up by a gentleman called *Don Diego Martinez*, who with his lady and servants had reached the place an hour before me in a coach and six mules.

Besides rest, I wanted likewise food. By good luck the man of the *venta* had his *pochero* ready ; that is, a mess of *garvanzos* (*chick-peas*) boiled to a pap in oil, and seasoned with garlick, onions, and pepper, besides an ample dish of salt-fish also fried in oil, as butter cannot be the produce of this gravelly soil. I fell to with the *ventero* and his family, and never eat with a keener appetite, having walked full sixteen miles in less than five hours. In London I should scarcely

scarcely have suffered my dog to eat of such a dinner; but in such a place as the *venta de San Martin*, a man must not be too delicate; besides that a walk of sixteen miles in a cool morning, will make one think that any food has an admirable relish. However, to make amends for the strange victuals, the *ventero's* wife produced a *piél*, or *skin-bag*, full of a most excellent *Cariñena*-wine, and I sucked out at the cock so often and so kindly, that my spirits were entirely recruited, and my weariness forgot in half an hour.

Having thus dined, I went out of the *venta*, which lies at the foot of a stony hill. The ascent of it, measured by the eye, may be about half a mile. A fit of curiosity seized me to know how the country looked from the summit of that hill; and without losing a moment in deliberation I went up the ascent, which proved steeper than I thought it at a distance, and pretty fatiguing, because of

the looseness and smallness of the stones on which I walked: yet I did not turn back, and in about half an hour I was where I wanted to be; that is, on its highest part, from which I could see nothing but other small hills, lying one behind the other, all barren, all desolate, all silent. No house, no habitation could I discover from thence, except the *venta* beneath. Nothing but an expanded wilderness as far as the eye could reach. The ground on that summit produces absolutely nothing but thyme, that perhaps no body ever thought of touching for centuries past. I plucked up a stalk of it, near as big as my wrist, and put it in my pocket, with an intention I shall tell you by and by.

While I was going up that hill, I spy'd a large flock of sheep at some distance, and changing my direction, went towards it, having a mind to ask the shepherds some few questions: but one of them cried out to me not to approach,

because

because his *perros* were *malos*; that is, his *dogs* were *wicked*. I obey'd his command, and continued to go upwards. The English value themselves upon the ferocity of their dogs, that never will let go their hold when they have once fastened their teeth in live flesh, were you to cut them limb by limb. Yet no English dog would be an overmatch for one of those that guard the Spanish sheep, as they are so fierce, that they will not only face in single combat the biggest wolves of the Pireneans, but strangle them in a moment, being both strong and nimble. I am told that they will let alone any passenger that comes a head of their flocks, but will attack those that reach them from behind, if the shepherds are not ready to interpose.

The reason I had for wishing to talk to some of those shepherds, was to ask some questions about their sheep, and the long walks they take with them; but they seemed in haste to cross the

desart, as sheep do not eat thyme, and nothing else is there for them to eat. I have heard that the Spanish shepherds lead their flocks from province to province, stopping to feed wherever they meet with proper pasture as they go along; nor can they be hindered by any proprietor of land from so doing, provided they pay him a certain price that the law has fixed. Some particularities of those sheep-walks I wanted to learn from the shepherds, and their manner of disposing of their wool, its price, chief markets, and so forth: but, as I said, they were in motion, and their dogs hindered my approach.

Continuing my progress upwards, and reaching the top of the hill, I advanced a little on a narrow flat that is there, looked round, plucked up the mentioned plant, and looked round again and again on every side. After having thus considered the awfulness of the solitary wilderness, I sat myself down on a stone,

and

and said to myself: “ What a place for  
 “ meditation is here, in the midst of this  
 “ eternal abode of silence ! here is no  
 “ man, no beast, no bird, nothing to  
 “ make the least noise. Let me sink  
 “ into some reverie, and try how far my  
 “ undisturbed thoughts will go.”

Saying this I leaned my head upon  
 my hands, and fell a-thinking. About  
 what ? A plague upon my foolish imagi-  
 nation, that would offer nothing to me  
 but the black-eyed *Paolita* of *Badajoz*.  
 I wonder how she entered my thoughts  
 so unseasonably ! was there nothing else  
 to think on, but a girl, whom I shall  
 probably see no more ? could I not think  
 of the earthquake of Lisbon, of the  
 ruins of the university at *Alcalá*, of the  
 king of Spain, or some other great  
 thing ? no ! *Paolita* got in on a sudden,  
 I know not how ; and it was not possi-  
 ble to drive her out. The more I strug-  
 gled to get rid of her, the more she  
 engrossed my thoughts, and no other  
 image

image could I substitute in the place. Her obstinacy in keeping thus possession of my mind, made me at last quite angry; so that I stood hastily upon my legs, took to my heels, and ran back to the *venta*, at which my calefferos soon arrived.

Re-entering the *venta*, I recollect<sup>ed</sup> the plant of thyme I had in my pocket; and taking it out, and wrapping it up in a white paper, wrote these words upon it by way of

#### MEMORANDUM.

*On the 20th of October, 1760.*

*This plant of thyme was plucked up on the summit of a barren hill in the kingdom of Aragon, not far from the Venta de San Martin, by a Pseudo-botanist of Turin, with an intention to make a present of it to the arch-botanist JOHN MARSILI, a professor in the university of Padua.*

I do not doubt but my friend Marsili will be pleased with my present, and give

give it a place in his *hortus siccus*, as a thicker plant of thyme I am pretty sure never grew in his garden. I hope he will give me a couple of pine-apples in return, and think it a bargain.

Having written my inscription, I saw *Don Diego* handing his lady down the stairs, preceded by a woman with his little daughter, a very pretty girl about six years old.

What is your name, my sweet angel, said I.

My name is *Pepina Martinez*, answered the little thing, and dropped me one of her best curtesies.

You are so pretty, said I, that I must give you a kiss, if you please: and lifting her up in my arms, carried her to the coach that waited, and placed her in it. *Don Diego* and his lady thanked me for it, got into the coach, the postillions trotted away, and I went to sleep an hour, while my mules were refreshing,

ing, and my calefferos eat their dinner with Batiste.

At one in the afternoon I got into the chaise, and went on. During a league the desart continued; but going down a woody hill, the aspect of the country changed quite for the better. About two leagues from the *venta* we crossed the village of *Cariñena*, stopping only a few minutes to fill our *borracho* with a wine called *garnache*, which is the very best I have as yet drank in Spain. The *Cape of Good Hope* has scarcely any better. I wonder *Cariñena's* is so little known in the world: but the small territory that produces it, is too far inland; so that it is drank by the inhabitants and by the happy calefferos, muleteers, and few travellers that happen to pass thither.

As the sun was setting, we came to this *Longáres*, and luckily happened to alight at the same posada where *Don Diego Martinez* had put up. He spy'd me from the window as I alighted, came

came down to me, was glad to see me again, and rejoiced to hear I was going to Barcelona. We shall, said he, go a part of the way together, to the great joy of *Pepina* who cannot cease talking of the notice you took of her. See, said I to myself, see what it is to be pleased with folks! they are presently pleased with you!

*Don Diego* told me, that he was for *Cervera*, a town in Catalonia, the king having made him *corregidor* there. While thus talking, we saw a procession pass in the street, followed it, joined with them to sing *Paters* and *Aves*, and entered a church with them. As I advanced to the bason in order to give holy water to the *corregidor*, a clown that stood by, dipping his fingers into the water, sprinkled with a fillip some of it, first in one of my eyes, then in the other. An odd ceremony, thought I, and not unlike that of the Irish porters in London, who, when the mass is over, throw the

holy

holy water by handfuls on the company, and stain your cloathes when it happens to be foul.

The litanies and benediction being ended, *Don Diego* and I came out of the church, took a ramble about the town; then returned to the *Posada*, where he insisted upon my sharing his supper with himself and his lady. She is a grave matron about forty, and has been a *Camarista* to our duchess of Savoy. *Pepina* had just been put to bed before we came in. We talked of the *Duquesa Infanta* during supper, and parted company about eleven, they to their bed, and I to my quill.

## LETTER LXVII.

*Sheep-walks in Spain. A vulgar error in Piedmont about mutton. Don Diego's manner of travelling. Simplicity of the few inhabitants at Maria. A new acquaintance from Siguenza. A monarch's supposed schemes. Idleness of people's hopes under a new reign. A gate missed. Two cathedrals in a town. The ugly adventures of Antonio Perez. Observations on imperfect rhyming.*

Zaragozza, Oct. 21, 1760.

I Told you the reason that checked my curiosity, and kept me yesterday from approaching a flock of sheep.

Walking out of *Longáres* this morning by break of day, I met with another such flock, and presently entered into discourse with one of the shepherds that tended it, but could not learn much of him, as the direction of their journey was just opposite to mine. I had only

time to be told, that “ they are upon  
“ their march from the hilly country  
“ round Lérida in Catalonia to the  
“ plains of Andalusia, where they are to  
“ winter. That they go this long jour-  
“ ney backwards and forwards every  
“ year, at the rate of two, three, and  
“ even four leagues a day, both men  
“ and sheep lying every night in the  
“ open air, except the weather is very  
“ bad; for in that case the men will  
“ form to themselves a hut of branches,  
“ if there are any at hand. That, were  
“ the sheep to be kept constantly at home,  
“ and under shelter every night, as it is  
“ the case with those they call *ovejas*  
“ *caseras* (*home-bred sheep,*) their wool  
“ would grow coarse, and the flocks  
“ endangered by the rot, which is only  
“ avoided by frequent change of cli-  
“ mate, and keeping in the open air.  
“ That the sheep in Aragon and Anda-  
“ lusia, one with another, will com-  
“ monly sell to the butcher for about  
“ twenty

" twenty four reals a piece, and that the  
 " shearings of three sheep, when sound  
 " and full grown, do generally yield  
 " an *arroba* of wool ; that is, *five and*  
 " *twenty pounds weight*, before it is  
 " cleaned, which diminishes by half  
 " when purified and rendered fit for  
 " sale. That sheep will feed on nothing  
 " but tender grafts, and never touch  
 " rosemary, thyme, sage, lavender, and  
 " other such plants, except when hardly  
 " pressed by hunger ; but that they  
 " would soon perish, were they to live  
 " but three or four days upon such an  
 " improper food."

This last article being true, as I believe it is, the contrary opinion that prevails universally amongst us with regard to the sheep in Savoy and Switzerland, becomes a mere vulgar error. You know that we attribute in Piedmont the good flavour of the Savoyard and Swiss mutton to the sheep feeding upon odoriferous plants ; but the sheep in those countries

cannot be of a different nature from these of Spain, and feed upon what is loathed by the Spanish sheep.

The beauty of those animals is really greater here than either in our country or in England. I mean with regard to their fleece, which in Spain shines with a lustre scarcely inferior to that of silk. But here the sheep are not so large as in England, nor is their wool so long and bushy.

Like all men that have read much poetry in the prime of age, I have once entertained very high notions of pastoral happiness; nor have I forgot the time when I was tempted to run away from home, and go to turn shepherd in the Alps. Those notions, indeed, have now been long effaced: yet I think I could willingly take a trip to Andalusia with the shepherds of to-day, was it not for that ugly circumstance of lying in an open field at night, and seldom under shelter. A twelvemonth of such a life would otherwise prove pleasing enough

in my opinion, and afford very entertaining subjects for many letters, as numberless curious observations might be the fruit of such a peregrination.

Not being willing to go backwards to *Longáres* with those shepherds for the sake of further information, I bid them a good journey, and continued my lonely walk. Don Diego's coach soon overtook me, as his calesseros, or postillions, call them as you list, drove at a good rate. He cried to them to stop, and would have me get in with him, which I begged leave to refuse, as he was already sufficiently crowded with his lady, child, and two servants. I wanted then to inspect the country at leisure, besides that the exercise of walking keeps up my spirits bravely, and proves no less delightful than salutary.

Don Diego's way of travelling seems more judicious than mine. He has agreed with his calesseros, that they shall go the usual journeys, which seldom

exceed eight leagues ; but that they shall trot, instead of pacing it, as my calefseros do. By this contrivance he sets out much later in the morning, and reaches the Posadas at noon and at night much earlier than I. Had I been apprised that this was practicable, I would have made the same bargain with my calefseros ; nor would this have interfered much with my morning and afternoon walks, as I could still have got into my chaise as soon as overtaken by the trotting mules, and avoid the languor of going a slow pace when that is the case. Thus I should have the advantage of more time, at night especially, to inspect the towns and villages where we put up, and by rambling about them an hour or two longer than I can do at present, make possibly some observation worth telling. But complete information of whatever kind is seldom obtained at once, nor can I now rectify the error I have committed through ignorance, and

and alter the plan of my journey, which however is tolerably well performed as it is.

I dined this day at *Maria*. Don Diego and family arrived there near two hours before me. *Maria* is a village of about twenty houses. It belongs to *Count de Fuentes*, who has succeeded my friend *D'Abreu* as minister to the British court. The Posadero could scarcely believe his eyes when I showed him the name of his lord in my passport, and took me for a great man, that could show a large sheet of paper signed by his lord's own hand. You would have been diverted at the notions the simple folks have at *Maria* of the great people at court. They border much upon that of the good old woman, mentioned by our poet *Berni*, who fancied that the pope was either a dragon, a mountain, or a cannon.

With Don Diego at the Posada I found an ecclesiastick who comes from *Siguenza*

*enza* on mule-back. The urbanity of the Corregidor extended to him as well as me, forcing us both to partake of a dinner prepared by his cook. I was not displeased with the addition of our new companion, who proved of a cheerful disposition, and a nimble talker, as indeed almost all Spaniards are. *Su Reverencia* (this is our mode of address to him) is a canon of the cathedral at Siguenza. In consequence of a quartel, that he and his brethren have had with their bishop, he has been forced to quit that town with them by an order of the court. When they will be recalled is uncertain. Mean while our canon is going to pass a few months at *Barcelona* with a brother, who has some military command there. I shall therefore have a companion so far as that town, having already agreed with him, that his servant, who follows him on foot, shall ride on his mule, and he with me in the chaise. We did so this afternoon, and

it

it was not unlucky for him to have met with one who has a place to spare in a vehicle, as the weather proved uncommonly hot. Ever since I quitted *Alcoleá*, the sun grew warmer and warmer, and had the canon been obliged to ride his beast, it would not have been very agreeable, considering that he is very fat.

I shall not entertain you with the jollity of our dinner and the repartees of little *Pepina* to her *Cortejo*. We left *Maria* at two, and reached this town before five, the distance being but two leagues. The canon, amongst other things, informed me of the measures that the king is said to be going to take, that he may put his kingdom in good order. The exportation of wool is soon to be prohibited ; though not from the whole kingdom, because that is not yet practicable ; but only from *Old Castile*, where manufactures are to be set up at the royal expence. The great roads are to be mended in many places ; new *Ventas* and

*Posadas* built along them with all sorts of conveniences, and foreigners invited to come over to keep them. Foreigners likewise are to be allured to settle in *Sierra Morena*; that is, in the mountains between Madrid and Cadiz, where whole \* villages and towns are to be built for their reception. It seems that those mountains for a considerable tract, have been without inhabitants ever since the expulsion of the Morisco's. The king is the sole proprietor of them, and that property he is to share amongst the settlers that he is to invite from abroad, besides building houses for them, and furnishing them with conveniences for agriculture. All sciences, continues the canon, are greatly to be cultivated, and arts to flourish vigorously under the powerful patronage of our new monarch.

\* *Something of this has been done soon after the date of this letter, and some hundreds of houses built in those mountains; but the foreign settlers are as yet very few.*

Such

Such are the hopes that the new reign has kindled in the breasts of the Spaniards, and I wish they may not be frustrated. But every new reign in every country commonly raises expectations much greater than the nature of men and things will admit. I am therefore afraid that those of the Spaniards are of this cast, especially as their country has been equally drained of men and money by their late war in Italy, and too large a treasure will be wanting in my opinion to carry such mighty schemes into execution. An economical management of the public revenue, some regulations about the observance of lent and fast-days, some restraint on the encrease of friars and nuns, and other such dispositions talked of at Madrid, might possibly be conducive towards a recovery of this monarchy, which a long continuance of bad government has brought below its natural mark. But what is easy in speculation, may not prove so in practice,

tice, and changes are not to be quickly brought about. Great works and new enterprises require a strong spirit of perseverance, nor is it in the power of kings to inspire their ministers and agents with that virtue, let us suppose them ever so much possessed with it themselves. However, I am too ignorant of what is transacting in the councils at Madrid, to venture upon prognostics. I am pleased with the sanguine confidence of my new acquaintance the canon, and, were I a Spaniard, I would endeavour to adopt it, because the dreams of hope are the most pleasing of all dreams.

The approaches to this town of Zaragozza are extremely fine, particularly at this time when all the peasants, both male and female, are busy about their vintage. The richness of their vineyards is scarcely to be conceived. I never saw such an abundance of plump grapes, so beautifully coloured. You know that the vintage-season is the most merry time with

with our country-people; nor is it a sad one with the Aragonian rusticks, by the little of it that I have seen to day. Both men and women seemed inflamed with joy at the sight of their overloaded vines, and they sung and capered as they went along with full baskets upon their heads.

Wanting to inspect the scene better, I quitted the chaise, got on the canon's mule, and wistfully cast my eyes before and round me. Indeed I do not recollect any of our towns that presents a better appearance, or a more enchanting territory than Zaragozza. Its cupolas and steeples, the vineyards and numberless trees on every side, the plain bordered by mountains, together with the brightest sky that it is possible to imagine, formed a landscape well deserving the pencil of a Claude Lorrain.

Having enjoyed this prospect a few minutes, I trotted towards some soldiers who were exercising on my left hand, and soon found myself at one of the city-

city-gates. There I stopped to wait for my calefferos, and wondered at their tardiness, as I expected they would be there soon after me. But having waited in vain a full hour, looking at the evolutions of a battalion, and growing impatient at their not coming, I entered the gate, and enquired after the *Posada del Pillár*, at which I knew they would put up. A young drummer, whom I soon found to be an Italian, offered to show me the way, and the offer was accepted. Alighting at the *Posada*, I found to my no small surprise that my people had reached it an hour before, perfectly at a loss how to account for my not being there. We enquired after you at the city-gate, said Batiste, but the custom-men assured us that they had seen no such person go by. And, said I, I have waited a long hour by the side of that gate, and watched it; but saw no chaise go in. How can this be? How did this happen?

Gentlemen,

Gentlemen, said my countryman the drummer, I know very well how to account for this; and he explained the riddle immediately by telling the name of the gate at which I entered. I had overlooked the highest, and went to the left instead of going to the right. You may well think that my blunder made the by-standers laugh, and that the laughers were not on my side.

Having paid my respects to Doña Mariana, and embraced my little *Cortejo*, Don Diego and I went to see the *Nuestra Señora del Pillár*, that has been the great object of my ass-driver's peregrination from the mountains of *Burgos*.

This *Nuestra Señora* is an image of wood, and is called *del Pillár*, because it stands on a marble pillar lodged in a dark subterranean chapel, where it is not to be looked at, but through a hole that has been made on purpose in the wall.

The church in which this image is placed, is very large, and of a majestic archi-

architecture; but wants a better floor, as that which it has at present, is composed of mouldering bricks, which render it very dusty. The church contains some spacious chapels, in which there are altars nobly ornamented, especially with pictures. In the middle of the church they are actually building a kind of dome supported by columns of red marble, which is found in the quarries of Tortosa. That marble looks as fine as porphyry, and as Tortosa stands by the sea-side at the mouth of the river *Ebro*, I wonder it is not exported to foreign countries, and more generally known than it is. The columns of the dome have their capitals and pedestals of gilt brass. The image and pillar are to be removed under the dome when quite finished, and there placed on an altar, the forepart of which is to be a massy plate of silver of six hundred pounds weight, if this is not a Spanish exaggeration.

Zaragozza

Zaragozza is perhaps the only town in Christendom that has two cathedrals. This church of *Nuestra Señora* is one, and called the *new* cathedral. The *old* is an antique edifice, a minute description of which would take up a volume, so many are the singular things that it contains. I will only mention a wooden crucifix, whose nails grow once a year. To what purpose the crucifix performs this miracle, I know not. What need has it of nails? Perhaps the parings of them were formerly disposed as reliks among the devout. At present they are not; therefore the miracle is performed to no purpose.

A number of canons officiate alternately six months in one church, and six in the other. The common people here affirm that the old cathedral was built by the Moriscos, and served them as chief mosque. But some antiquarians say the contrary, and that it was a work of the christians during the reign of those same

Moriscos,

Moriscos, who permitted them a free exercise of their religion in many parts of Spain, and especially in Aragon. Had the Spaniards imitated their example when they got the better of them, their country would in all probability have been more populous: But whether it would have enjoyed the intestine peace that was procured by their expulsion, is another question.

As to the image and pillar, the Aragonians are positive, that they were both sent down from heaven at the time the apostle *San Yago (St. James)* was on his mission in this part of the world. That the image then spake to the apostle, and encouraged him to preach the gospel to the Spaniards who were then heathens, with a promise that she would never be removed from Zaragozza as long as the world lasted, and would be the constant protectress of the Spanish kingdom in general, and of Aragon in particular.

Whether

Whether St. James was ever in Spain, is a point that I should not care to start or contradict on this side the Pireneans. I have read somewhere that a learned Frenchman called *Godeau* [and bishop of Vence, if I am not mistaken] wrote a book on purpose to prove that St. James never was in Spain. No Spanish bishop would dare to do as much in any part of this country, though in all probability they are all persuaded that *Godeau* was right. St. James's body rests at *Compostella* in Galicia, and the sanctuary there is the second in the Roman Catholick world. The first, you know, is our *Loretto*.

The devotion of the Aragonians to their *Nuestra Señora*, is so great, that it has made them almost forget another patron they have had during many ages. I mean the warlike St. George, that was also revered in former times by the English as protector of their island.

As I am going to-morrow, I cannot tell you any particularity of other public or private buildings to be seen here, which are numerous enough, and some of them deserving notice. Much less can I speak of the manners and customs of this people, mark their peculiarities, and point out their deviations from those of the people at Madrid, or in other parts of Spain. To enter into such details would require a residence of some months. I can only tell you in general, that some parts of Zaragozza are very well built; that several of its streets are straight, long, and spacious, especially one called *el Coffo*, where the nobility and gentry resort in their coaches on fine evenings to take the air, one coach slowly following the other up and down the street in a procession, as is done on the *Eplanade* at Turin.

They say that the number of these inhabitants amounts to little less than sixty thousand. The town is seated on  
the

the *Ebro*, the most considerable river in Spain, which has two bridges here, one of stone, the other of brick, both very well built. By means of the boats on the *Ebro*, Zaragozza has an easy communication with the Mediterranean, which is not forty leagues off. The town of course carries on some sort of trade. No town in this kingdom, except Madrid, abounds so much in nobility and rich people, of whom about four hundred keep their coaches as I am told. Yet amongst this nobility there are but few grandes, as they chuse to reside at Madrid so long as their incomes will permit them to make a figure there.

The kingdom of Aragon was re-conquered from the Morisco's by its own inhabitants, and cleared of those Mahometans before any other of the Spanish provinces. And as no prince in Christendom laid then any claim to it, or, if any did, it was disregarded, the Aragonians chose themselves a king; as many

legends and romances inform us, rather than history, the events of those times being very much involved in obscurity. Instead however of making a noble present of their kingdom to the man whom they first raised to their throne, the Aragonians imposed such conditions upon him, that made it scarce worth accepting. One of those conditions was, that his authority should be controled by a magistrate called *El Justicia*, whose power was in effect much greater than the royal. On the accession of every king to the crown, the *Justicia* came to speak these words to his mock-majesty. *Nos que valemos tanto como vos, os haremos nuestro rey y señor, con tal que guardéis nuestros fueros y libertades : si no, no.* That is, “ We who are as good as you, chuse “ you for our king and lord, on condi- “ tion that you protect our laws and “ liberties. If not, we chuse you not.”

Let the conditions be ever so hard, few private men will have constancy to

refuse a kingdom : but such a compliment was too ludicrous and insulting, to be long suffered by him who was raised to the highest station, or at least by his successors. *Muchos*, says Quevedo with great acuteness of observation, *Muchos tienen paciencia para ser humildes, mientras no tienen poder para ser soberbios.* “ Many will have the patience to show humility during their inability to show their pride.” This was the case with the kings of Aragon, and would have been the case with any body else. They put up with that disgraceful form of installation while they were weak, and protected the *fueros y libertades*. But how could they cordially do what reflected dishonour upon them, what rendered them contemptible in the eyes of all other sovereigns, and what exposed them to the laughter of their subjects in the act of ascending the throne? Little was the acquaintance of the ancient Aragonians with human nature,

when they flattered themselves that their kings would not show as much pride as themselves whenever<sup>1</sup> they had power. Accordingly, as soon as the kings of Aragon became strong enough for the purpose, they forced their subjects to forbear their irreverential coronation-speech, and rendered the will of the *Justicia* subservient to their own. For some time however, that magistrate continued to have great authority, because great powers are not annihilated in haste; and that authority stood for several ages in the way of the king's. But king Philip II, destroyed it totally at one blow upon the following occasion.

Philip, who was one of the proudest and most cruel men that ever disgraced human nature, had a secretary of state called *Antonio Perez*. This *Perez* was ordered by Philip to put secretly to death a troublesome agent of his bastard brother Don John of Austria. *Perez* could not help obeying his master's order, and accord-

accordingly the agent was murthered by hired ruffians in the streets of Madrid.

The atrocious deed being done, the relations of the agent, who discovered the perpetrator of it, persecuted *Perez* before the ordinary tribunals of justice. *Perez* found himself in a strange dilemma, as the king on one hand had strictly forbidden him ever to reveal that he had acted by his order, while on the other his majesty did not chuse to stop the prosecution, though he could have done it with a single word.

It would be too prolix to relate the hardships that *Perez* underwent during a trial that lasted several years. He was thrown into prison, had his goods confiscated, and his arms dislocated by the rack; nor did the king ever take notice of his sufferings. He often expostulated by letters with the king, had recourse to his majesty's confessor to prevail on his infernal heart to take pity of his torments, and free him from his perse-

cutors; but all in vain. After many years of imprisonment and torture, Perez found means to run away from his jail, and went to Zaragozza, where the *Justicia*, well acquainted with his whole story, took him under his protection. The people of Zaragozza, who knew as well as the *Justicia*, that Perez had acted by the king's express order in the assassination of Don John's agent, approved of the protection granted him by their chief magistrate, and generously resolved to stand by him at all events. The resolution of the Aragonians exasperated the proud monarch, who seemed to delight in Perez's sufferings; and no longer dissembling what the whole world knew, the black transaction about the murdered agent, Philip resolved the death both of Perez and the *Justicia*, together with the annihilation of all the ancient privileges enjoyed by what he called his rebellious subjects. Unluckily he had strength enough to bring his barbarous scheme

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immediately about. He sent an army into Aragon, too strong to be resisted by a populace tumultuously assembled. The army presently mastered Zaragozza, and the *Justicia* fell into the king's hands, who had him executed an hour after he was taken, without the least form of process, together with a considerable number of the people's ringleaders.

Thus was an end put to the power of that magistrate, and thus were the Aragonians stripped of their laws and liberties. They have now been near two centuries quite as submissive to their kings, as the rest of the Spanish subjects, and time that obliterates all things, has at length utterly destroyed even the remembrance of their *fueros y libertades*. As to Perez, he had the good fortune, during the confusion caused by Philip's army when it entered Zaragozza, to make his escape into France, where he passed the remainder of his wretched life. In France he published some books, from which

which the whole of that cruel transaction may be collected. Of those books, which are at present become very scarce, I have one in my possession, intitled **CARTAS** (that is, **LETTERS**) *de Antonio Perez*, printed at Paris without a date, and I have read it through. The man complains in several of those letters of Philip's unparalleled barbarity, both to him and to his innocent family, that was thrown into prison after his escape from Spain, a girl six years old not excepted. The memory of that king cannot be set in a more detestable light. But woe to poor *Perez*, if the brave king Henry IV had not taken him under his protection, and thus screened him from the wanton and unaccountable cruelty of his bloodthirsty master!

I have now wandered enough from my subject, and return to this day's story. Having visited the two cathedrals, Don Diego and I returned to the posada, where we found that Doña

Mariana

Mariana had some blind beggars called up to sing and fiddle for the entertainment of little Pepina. Give me leave to regale you with a bit of the simple poetry of the eyeless bards of Zaragozza.

*Dican los Espanoles  
Con grande anhelo  
Viva nuestro monarca  
Carlos Tercero.*

*Hagan salva, mirando  
Que Carlos llega,  
Y despicés los clarines  
Harán la seña.*

*Zaragozza la noble  
Tene un letrero  
A do dice que viva  
Carlos Tercero.*

*El discreto y prudente,  
Sabio y affable,  
Y en quanto a piadoso  
Hijo de madre.*

I shall not endeavour to make you sensible of the *chiste*, as the Spaniards call it, or the *facetious acuteness* contained in the last of these lines. Let poetry be dull or witty, it is equally impossible to translate it in such a manner as to preserve either the wit or the dulness of it. Nor will I attempt to point you out the difference between the language of these stanzas [which is the vulgar Aragonian] and the true Castilian. That difference is too small to deserve an analysis. I will only make you observe again, that this manner of rhyming such words as *anhélo*, *llega*, and *affáble*, with *tercéro*, *seña*, and *madre*, would prove insupportable to an Italian ear, was it introduced in our language, as we have long been used, like the French, to the strictest resemblance of sound in rhyming.

Yet this imperfect consonance used by the Spaniards in their songs, appears still less strange and uncouth to my unaccustomed

customed ear, than that which I find often in their dramas, of a similarity of sound in the last cadence of every other line, during a considerable number of lines. What I mean, will be better explained by the following example, which I transcribe out of a comedy of Calderon, intitled *El Escondido y la Tapada*. A master and a servant talk thus together in the first scene.

## SERVANT.

Yo, aunque el martirologio  
 Romano aqui me traxeran  
 Para que escogiera muerte  
 A mi proposito, fuera  
 Sin agradarme ninguna  
 Vanissima diligencia,  
 Porque no ay tan bien prendida  
 Muerte que bien me parezca.  
 Que culpa tengo yo de que  
 Tu a morir contento vengas  
 Para traérme de arreáta ?

## MASTER.

## MASTER.

Pues, dime tu, que rezelas  
 Si tu en nada estás culpado,  
 Ni te hallaste en la pendencia?

## SERVANT.

Pues, si un triunfo matadór  
 Arrastra los que encuentra,  
 Un amo matadór, dime,  
 No arrastrará (*cosa es cierta*)  
 Qualquiera triunfo criado?

## MASTER.

No vi locura mas necia.

## SERVANT.

Y esto a una parte, señor,  
 Que razon ay de que séa  
 Tan cerrado tu capricho,  
 Que, ya que me traes, no sepa  
 A que me traes? Dime pues  
 Que es lo que en Madrid intentas?

With this sort of rhyming, both interlocutors go on to the end of the scene, which consists of no less than two hundred verses, all alternately sounding like these.

these. People not used to foreign peculiarities are often apt to fall with little ceremony upon whatever they have not been accustomed to. Thus many an Italian have I heard stupidly to ridicule the French *Alexandrines*, and the *deca-syllable couplets* of the English. Thus do many shallow critics of France and England find fault both with those same *Alexandrines* of France and the *Ottava Rima* of Italy, without considering that nature was in every country the teacher of the first poets and verse-makers, and pointed them out the fittest metres in their respective languages. Indeed I do not recollect any Italian, French, or English, that ever entered into any criticism with regard to the Spanish versification, probably because few amongst the learned of the three nations were ever studious of the Spanish language. Had any of them ever turned his attention that way, many an absurd judgment would possibly have been given upon this subject,

subject, as the same manner of rhyming is not to be found in England, France, or Italy. But, though I own that to me such a long continuance of affonancies, as that mentioned above, is far from proving delightful, yet I take it for granted that it is intrinsically so with regard to the natives of this country, since their poets search studiously after such affonancies, and scatter them often in the scenes of their dramas. My dislike to them, proves nothing else in my opinion, but that I am as yet far from having caught the true, that is, the natural harmony of this language, though in the judgment of some I might pass for a great adept in Spanish, as I am able to explain the meaning of as many Spanish words as most Spaniards.

Let me now make an end of this letter without any further digressions. I told you above, that the grapes produced in the neighbourhood of this town, are very fine to the sight. I tell you now that

that they are also delicious to the taste; but the wine they yield, is rather too rich and luscious for the purpose of common drinking. I have a notion that this people do not well understand the art of making wine, and that they let their grapes ripen too much, which is the cause, as I take it, of that over-lusciousness and oiliness of their wines. A couple of glasses of the best, have satiated me more, than half a dozen of some French and Piedmontese wine would have done.

*Zaragozza* is a corruption of *Cæsarea Augusta*. The change of *Cæsarea* into *Zara* is not peculiar to Spain. The town of *Zara* in Dalmatia, was likewise called *Cæsarea* by the Romans.

## LETTER LXVIII.

*Ugliness miraculous, with a guess at the reason of it. Particoloured tiles. Slow travelling advantageous. Churches and other buildings at Zaragozza. Pictures representing martyrs. Spanish and Piedmontese lawyers not to be admired. Painted statues. The idle and the poor equally resort to noted sanctuaries. A country-lass kissed by surprise. Blank verse and affonancias, &c.*

Villafranca, Oct. 22, 1760.

**Y**OU will think it a conceit rather than an observation, when I tell you that of all the miraculous *Madonas*, or *Nuestras Señoras* [as the Spaniards term them] to be seen in various parts of the Roman Catholick world, there is perhaps not one that has been painted or carved with a handsome face.

Besides

Besides that in *Turin*, which we call *La Consolata*, I have seen several other in various parts of Italy, such as that of *Mondevi*, that of *San Celso* at *Milan*, that of *Caravaggio*, two or three in *Venice*, and above all that most renowned of *Loretto*. I have taken particular notice of each; and indeed there is not one in the number, but what would disgrace the most pitiful amongst our modern painters both in point of drawing and colouring. They all have either a distorted nose, or a mouth too large, or a disproportionate chin, or some other such defect, besides that they are all black, or of a brick colour. That of *Zaragozza* is no better than the rest, as I could see, though I looked at it through a hole, and by the dim light of a lamp hung before it. Yet the Spaniards will have it, that it was made by the angels, as our Italians pretend that the greatest part of theirs were the work of St. *Luke*.

We must not however wonder at the barbarity of the pencils or chizzels that formed them, because they were the shapeless productions of unpolished ages. What I wonder at is, that of the many beautiful ones painted by Raphael, Guido, Caracci, Titian, Saffoferrato, Maratti, and numberless other good painters, there is not one, to which the power of working miracles was ever attributed. No, not even the *Pietá* by the greatest artist that ever Italy admired, could cure the least fever, or relieve the smallest tooth-ache of the most devout woman in Rome.

Discoursing upon this subject with my new friend the Canon, and making him observe this want of power in the best painted madonas, and searching after some plausible reason for such a strange phenomenon, we could not find a better, than that his *Murillos* and *Vélasquez*, as well as our *Michelangelos* and *Raphaels*, when they painted or carved any, were  
not

not actuated by that fervour of devotion which inflamed the simple artists of the ignorant ages, but gave way to the vanity of showing their superior skill in their art; and thus it happens (added the Canon) that those amongst our sacred orators, who court admiration by an over-niceness of language and rapidity of eloquence, seldom or never perform a conversion, whereas the plain preacher, who has no other view than that of driving sin out of the world, generally awakes contrition in the best part of his audience.

I forgot to tell you yesterday, that the outside of the new cathedral's five cupolas, are formed of concave and convex tiles alternately placed, some coloured red, some blue, some green, and some yellow, like Harlequin's dres. Yet the regularity of such a disposition makes those cupolas look very pretty at a distance. Let us now come to the story of this day.

We went yesterday but six leagues, and to-day only five. This you will think tedious travelling, but I am not intirely of this opinion. Since I am about it, I dislike not the opportunity of inspecting at leisure the country I am crossing. Thus I can make observations that would otherwise escape, were I to hasten onwards with greater speed; though a slow passage through places in which there is nothing particular to be seen, sometimes gives disgust. For this reason I was not displeased last night, when my calesseros begged I would indulge them to set out to-day at noon instead of seven in the morning. I took advantage of the intermediate hours to run about Zaragozza, and look at the churches and other large edifices.

Whoever goes through that town, ought to see the church of St. Laurence, and its chief altar. Not far from it, there is that of St. Peter Velasquez, which, they say, is the richest in the town,

town, but as it was shut, I could not see it. That of the Jesuits is small, but the inside of it is entirely gilt over, which has a most surprising effect. The cloisters of it are decorated with large portraits of all those Jesuits who have been cardinals or saints, and with many other of great lords and ladies that were benefactors to the Loyolan order.

Next the Jesuits church there is an hospital that goes by the appellation of *holy*. It receives above seven hundred sick of both sexes. The church that belongs to it, though considerably large, is very dark, owing to the lowness of its cieling, which a tall man might almost touch by raising up his hand. I never saw a more disproportionate building, but that disproportion is not totally without awfulness. They say it was a work of the Moriscos.

The church of the Franciscans is also worth seeing, especially its great altar, and a small chapel behind it, formed of

the most curious marbles that are to be found in Spain. In the vast cloysters that are annexed to the church, instead of portraits of lords and ladies, such as in that of the Jesuits, there are historical pictures *a fresco*, that represent some of the many Franciscans who suffered martyrdom in various parts of the world. The several artists that have been employed in that work, seem to have ransacked their imaginations to invent exquisite tortures for the poor friars, of whom some are exhibited in the act of being sawed alive, or dragged along on uneven stones by horses and bulls, or trampled upon by elephants, or trans-fixed by iron-spits and roasted over a large fire by heathens, who grin through their bushy whiskers, besides many that have their arms and legs cut off, or are simply hanged or beheaded.

St. Gaetano's church contains likewise many things that are worth seeing. It belongs to a modern order called *of the pious*

pious schools, and the friars there enjoy the privilege of teaching the Latin grammar to boys ; which privilege was by the good friars lately wrested from the Jesuits, after a very long and strenuous contest.

The palace of the archbishop lies on the right bank of the *Ebro* at equal distance from the two bridges. Its external appearance is but indifferent, but I am told that some of its apartments are as grand as the grandest in Madrid. I had not time to see them.

The *Audiencia*, that is, the chief court of judicature, is also a clumsy building when inspected from without. The Canon tells me, that the numerous lawyers who get their livelihood out of it, are full as able as those of Madrid to puzzle a cause and fleece their clients. It seems that in Spain as well as in Italy, the professors of the law make it a point, amongst other things, to speak and write a most barbarous jargon of their own, which they pompously call the language of the law.

law. You may read our *Cervantes* and *Calderons* for ever, says the Canon; but you will never get sufficient Spanish to understand our advocates when holding forth in our *Audiencias*, in civil as well as in criminal matters. A man wins or loses his suit, is acquitted or hanged, without having understood a word of what has been urged for or against him. Our men of sense and learning consider our lawyers as the chief and incessant corrupters both of our language and of our eloquence, as each seems to strive to outdo the rest of his fraternity in quaintness of conceits and barbarity of phraseology. We have long exclaimed against the absurdity of such a practice, and our kings have issued many ordinances to abolish it; but to no effect. The *Picapleytos* (Pettifoggers) still go on in the old way, making a horrible hodge-podge of ancient and modern Spanish, of French, Latin, Greek, and Arabick. I do not caricature, continues the Canon.

They say, that our new monarch has taken this ugly practice into consideration, and is absolutely resolved upon forcing the lawyers to speak plain Castilian in spight of themselves ; but this is not to be brought about in my opinion, if he does not *ahorcar la mitad d'ellos* (*hang one half of them*;) that is, of the transgressors of his future orders in this particular. The abuse is so universal, and has taken such a deep root, that I think it past all remedy.

What the Canon says of the Spanish lawyers, we can likewise say of the Italian in general, and of our Piedmontese in particular. I understand my native dialect as well as any of them, and am not ignorant of the other languages our lawyers mix with it at the bar ; but never could I clearly make out a whole period in any of their speeches ; such is the art, with which they contrive their medley ; besides that many of their words are quite arbitrary, and not to be met

met with in any dictionary, lexicon, or glossary. It is a great shame that they are suffered to go on, and that they are not compelled to speak in such a manner as to be understood by the generality of their hearers. How different the lawyers of Paris and London ! I have heard many in both cities express themselves with a purity and elegance, that would do honour to the best writers ; and many are the printed *Plaidoyers* of the French advocates, that might be given for models of elocution as well as of just reasoning. Indeed, we Piedmontese, together with the Spaniards [if my Canon speaks truth, as I think he does] are at least two hundred years behind the French and the English in this respect. But let me finish my hasty tour through Zaragozza.

The viceroy's palace there, is very remarkable, not for the beauty of its architecture, but for its bulk, and still more for its gate overloaded with whimsical

fical and senseless ornaments. On each side of it there is a gigantick statue, both ill-carved and painted in natural colours, that the giants may appear still more disagreeable to the sight, than they otherwise would if the stone had been left plain. In Madrid as well as in Zaragozza I have observed that the taste has once prevailed of painting their statues, both the flesh and the drapery ; and there is the dome of a sacristy in Madrid that exhibits a vast bass-relief made in this absurd and childish taste.

In Zaragozza the common beggars are much more numerous than in Madrid. In the new cathedral especially, one meets with so many, that there is no such thing as to recite an *Ave* without being interrupted at every word by the importunitating demands of an alms. But this is the case wherever there are sanctuaries of any note. The idle as well as the necessitous, resort in crowds to them, knowing very well, that those who visit them,

hem, will in general be liberal to them, out of that same pious principle that induces them to such visitations.

About noon I came a-foot out of Zaragozza, and enjoyed a few minutes the fine public walks that are without its walls, all bordered with straight rows of high and beautiful trees, which have not yet cast off their leaves, though the autumn is far advanced. This may give you an idea of the sweetness of this climate, one of the very best in Spain.

About two leagues from the town I met again with male and female peasants carrying home their grapes, some on carts, some on asses and mules, and some in baskets upon their heads. Amongst the number I singled out a group of three pretty wenches, who smiled at me, and courtesied repeatedly as I approached them, but rather in a mocking manner than otherwise. *Muchachas,* said I, *quereis venderme un racimillo?* “ Girls will you sell me a bunch of your  
“ grapes ? ”

“grapes?” No, no, said they all at once: we don’t sell any; but you are welcome to pick what you please out of our baskets; and laid them down on the ground. I made use of their kindness; but insisted that I would strangle the youngest of them with a silk handkerchief I happened to have in my pocket, and throwing it suddenly about her neck, pulled her to me, gave her a kiss on the forehead, quitted the handkerchief, and took to my heels. They laughed obstreperously at such an unexpected proceeding, and called me back to take more of their *racemos*; but I went on waving my hand, and crying *a dios mozas, a dios muchachas.*

Such sort of civilities are not commonly met with amongst the rustics of any country, whatever our Arcadian poets may say, who have fixed the abode of urbanity amongst the inhabitants of the fields, directly against the etymology

ogy \* of the word. I have observed in all countries, that the generality of peasants are far from deserving the character that innumerable bards have given them. I have always found that their grossness equals their ignorance, that they are stupidly malignant and shy, and, above all, quite tenacious, even of what they have in the greatest plenty. But *vivant* my country-lasses of *La Puebla*, which is the name of the village they were going to. They are an exception to the universal character of the rusticks, and I wish I was such a master of the Aragonian dialect as to be able to compose half a dozen eclogues in their commendation.

Just by *La Puebla* I was overtaken by my caleseros, and received the compliments of the Canon upon the goodness of my legs that could carry me so far on so hot a day, especially after my long morning walk about the town. The

\* *Urbanitas ab urbe.*

more I hear him talk, the more I like him. He is as grave as becomes his character ; yet he is cheerful, and will attempt a joke from time to time. His health is not so good as I could wish ; but though afflicted by the gravel and some concomitant disorders, he does not whine and complain, as feeble men will perpetually do, but bears his evils with patient resignation. He seems much read in his native language, and if I can judge of what I know not, by what I know, the characters he gives to the writers of his country seem to me very just. From *la Puebla* to this *Villafranca* we talked of poetry, which in Spain he thinks as yet much below the perfection to which it might be carried. He is as great an enemy to the *Affonancias* as I am to *blank verse*, and says, that they have been invented by idleness, quoting several authorities, which show that he is not singular in his opinion ; but the misfortune is, that several of their most

popular poets have given their sanction to the *Affoncias*; so that it will never be possible to drive them out of their poems, be they ever so much degraded by so absurd a practice.

How far my Canon is right or wrong in these assertions, I am not in a condition to determine. If ever I return to Spain, it will possibly be in my power to know more of this matter.

Here we did not find Don Diego, who having set out this morning three full hours before us, has pushed forwards to *Bujalaróz* or *Peñalba*: so that I shall not see him again until we reach *Cerbéra*, which I hope to do within four days. I have nothing else to say, but that the country has continued delightfully fine the whole afternoon as well as the weather.

## LETTER LXIX.

*Wisdom of travel-writers. Character of the Aragonians. Ambition and Interest, how called by the Spaniards. Dancing a harmless pastime. People work that can work. Sun and land nearly useless without water. Industry of the Biscayans and Asturians. Why Aragon is more fertile than New Castile. Arrieros, and their manner of life. Variety of pronunciations. The Canon is right in my opinion. Satirical and bucolic poets, why not hurtful, though they lye. A small desart. The rent of a Venta. Virtue ill-lodged. Knitting women.*

Bujalaróz, Oct. 23, 1766.

THE greatest part of travel-writers, as I have already observed, have for these two centuries past, and more, endeavoured to give a bad character to every nation, except their own : nor can the inhabitants of this kingdom reasonably

ably complain of not having had their full share of itinerary scurrility, as they have been honoured very often with the several appellations of *idle, proud, jealous, superstitious, lustful, vindictive*, and so forth.

That these, and other such noble qualities, are pretty common wherever there are men, few people, I think, will have the confidence to deny. The only point to be settled is, what proportion of goodness and wickedness there is between one and another nation, when compared together, that we may distribute proportionate portions of love and hatred to the countries which have the greater or smaller stock either of wickedness or of goodness.

But whatever rambling computers may have done, in order to assist our judgment on such a knotty subject, and make us rightly determine which nation is most amiable, and which is most detestable, I must humbly confess for my part, that

my

my powers were always too gross for this kind of moral arithmetic, and that I am unable to set this ballance between any two of the few nations I have visited.

That the Spaniards, considered in the totality, have as rich a store of wickedness as any other nation under heaven, it would be highly absurd not to suppose. Yet, should we be willing to believe my new acquaintance, the Canon of Siguenza, his countrymen the Aragonians would in a good measure be excepted out of the supposition, as he stoutly insists that they are all very good, especially when brought into comparison with the inhabitants of other Spanish provinces.

Many are the fine things that the good man has told me to day in commendation of the Aragonians; and his assertions he has backed with such plausible reasons, as my scanty knowledge of this province in particular, and of Spain in

general, will not permit me to invalidate or contradict.

" I have taken many a ramble through our provinces (says the Canon) and have been many years a confessor in several parts of them. Of course I have had numberless opportunities of forming such estimates of our people's various characters, as cannot be formed by any class of men of a profession different from mine; much less by erratic foreigners, that only come, like you, to take a peep, and run away. I think therefore myself intitled to a good share of your belief, when I tell you that the Aragonians in particular are one of the best nations you could visit, and that the Spaniards in general do not deserve the harsh treatment they have met with from every stranger who ever crossed this country with his quill in his hand, as I see that you are doing."

I am

I am less a friend to travel-writers, answered I, than you may perhaps imagine, and can verily assure you, that it is not my intention to tread in the footsteps of the greatest part of them. It is true that I take down memorandums of every thing I see and hear, as I go on in my journey. But you may already have seen, that I am not much disposed to be peevish and out of humour; therefore you must not look upon me as a man who will revenge himself of the trifling inconveniences he has met with in this country, at the expence of its inhabitants. Be sure, good sir, that I am much more pleased with opportunities of speaking well than ill of any people; and as you seem to have a deal of good to say of the Aragonians, impart it to me, and be sure that I will somehow or other have it all inserted into the account of my journey through Spain.

Such a promise was visibly most acceptable to the good man: and thus, or

nearly thus, did he go on with his discourse.

" In Zaragozza, as in every other of  
 " our great towns, I will freely own to  
 " you, that wicked people are not rare;  
 " and that I have sometimes heard there  
 " of such iniquities, as it is almost with-  
 " out the power of the All-merciful to  
 " forgive. But setting that great town  
 " aside, and speaking only of the pro-  
 " vince, which is one of the largest and  
 " best inhabited in the kingdom, I can  
 " tell you with truth, that I scarcely  
 " ever had any great occasion for  
 " chiding and reprimanding my peni-  
 " tents, as I have always seen that those  
 " of their thoughts, which are not  
 " taken up by the care of their unavoid-  
 " able occupations, are chiefly engrossed  
 " by the mass and the rosary, the pro-  
 " cession and the benediction, and other  
 " things of this kind.

" People remarkably wicked (conti-  
 " nued the Canon) are not easily to be  
 " heard

“ heard of in this, nor indeed in any  
“ other of our inland provinces. We  
“ must go to Madrid, or to our great  
“ sea-towns, to hear of great, singular,  
“ and frequent acts of wickedness. The  
“ air of the court, I say it to my for-  
“ row, is certainly pestilential to too  
“ many; nor does that from the sea  
“ prove much better than that of the  
“ court. And it is not difficult to  
“ assign the reason why immorality  
“ reigns in those places disproportio-  
“ ably more than amongst us who are  
“ equally removed from court and the  
“ sea. Both at court and in the sea-  
“ towns, men ride in a manner on the  
“ whirlwinds of interest and ambition;  
“ which two passions are by our mo-  
“ ralists properly termed *los dos cuernos*  
“ *mas grandes del Demonio*, “ the two  
“ biggest horns of the Devil.” But in  
“ our inland provinces, thinly scattered  
“ with large and opulent places, the  
“ greatest part of the inhabitants are  
“ rusticks,

" rusticks, whose time cannot otherwise  
 " be employed than in the innocent  
 " occupations of the field : and you  
 " know that those who must live by  
 " the product of uninterrupted labour,  
 " cannot be so vicious as those whom  
 " court-favour or commerce enriches  
 " often with rapidity ; which is what  
 " agriculture will not easily do any  
 " where, and most particularly in this  
 " province of Aragon.

" Throughout this province (con-  
 tinued the good man) life is lived  
 " on with the greatest simplicity and  
 " uniformity. People generally rise be-  
 " times, and work during the day with  
 " scarce any intermission ; nor do they  
 " assemble many together on working  
 " days before it is night. But as soon  
 " as the sun is gone, both sexes join  
 " every where to sing and dance with a  
 " fury, that you would think them out  
 " of their senses, if you could see them  
 " when they begin to grow hot in it ;

" and

" and this practice is so general in the  
 " greatest part of our provinces, that  
 " was it possible for you to see the king-  
 " dom at one glance when day-light has  
 " disappeared, you would see by much  
 " the greater part of its inhabitants  
 " briskly shaking their heels to the  
 " sound of their guittars, castanets, and  
 " voices, old men and young children  
 " not excepted, if they have but suffi-  
 " cient vigour of legs."

And do you verily take this practice  
 to be innocent? I know that in many  
 countries it is not reckoned quite so, and  
 I know that there is not in Italy one  
 preaching friar, but what declaims  
 against it as often as he can. May be,  
 sir, you don't know that in the countries  
 belonging to the Pope, who is the head  
 of your religion as well as ours, the  
 rulers of every community, especially  
 those chiefly consisting of peasants, have  
 a strict charge to keep them from as-

sembling to dance at any time, even in carnival.

“ I don’t know (replied the Canon)  
“ what effects may be produced amongst  
“ the Italians by the practice of dancing.  
“ But amongst us, daily and universal  
“ as it is, ‘tis not at all conducive to  
“ vice. May be your countrymen are  
“ less religious than mine, and their  
“ remissness in religion exposes them  
“ more than it does us, to the ambushes  
“ of the devil. Be this as it will, *el*  
“ *baylor es cosa buena*, “*dancing is a good*  
“ *thing*;” we say it proverbially; and if  
“ it was a bad one, there are priests and  
“ friars enough who would declaim so  
“ powerfully against it, as to diminish  
“ or abolish it. But long experience  
“ has persuaded us, that our nightly  
“ dances, though often a little too free  
“ with regard to postures and gestures,  
“ still are the most harmless diversion  
“ that our lower classes can have; and I  
“ really think that if they were abo-

"lished, our people would have re-  
 "course to worse expedients to amuse  
 "their evenings; therefore neither the  
 "ecclesiastical, nor the civil power ever  
 "made the least attempt towards their  
 "suppression, as nations must have di-  
 "versions of some kind or other."

To crown the labours of the day (said I) with nightly rejoicings, and of the most innocent kind, as you pretend, is a mode of life so very pastoral, that I am almost tempted to think you are but repeating what you have read in pastoral romances. I am however of your opinion that the inhabitants of the country neither have, nor can have the vices that townsmen can and will have. But, sir, are not the Aragonian rusticks full as slothful and averse to labour, as the rest of this nation, which has the reputation throughout Europe of being the most slothful and proud in the world?

"I know (replied the Canon with the greatest composure) that the French

“ French have long reproached us with  
“ pride and enmity to labour. I know  
“ that they tell each other of the swords  
“ our peasants wear, even when they  
“ follow the plough ; and how they  
“ are sollicitous to show them, that they  
“ may be thought gentlemen. I know  
“ that we are laughed at for hanging  
“ even the walls of our cottages with  
“ our genealogies, and that our smallest  
“ *Hidalgos* think themselves descended  
“ of ancestors full as glorious as the  
“ king. But let Frenchmen be as witty  
“ as they please, their absurd assertions  
“ do us no great harm. 'Tis true that  
“ even our lower classes have a good  
“ share of spirit, and are far from  
“ thinking meanly of themselves : but  
“ do they differ in this from other na-  
“ tions ? Are not all mankind full as  
“ vain-glorious and proud as we ? A  
“ rare discovery indeed, to have found  
“ out that men are proud and vain-  
“ glorious ! Did they need cross the

“ Pireneans

“ Pireneans to make it ? But it is not  
“ true that our low people hang their  
“ walls with their pedigrees : it is not  
“ true that our peasants wear swords :  
“ and it is not true that our *Hidalgos*  
“ of any class think themselves as noble  
“ as the king.

“ Then with regard to our pretended  
“ aversion to labour, I must tell you  
“ that all will work who can, in the  
“ same proportion that people do in  
“ other countries. Should our people  
“ forbear work, they would soon starve,  
“ as our rivers run with no more milk  
“ and honey than the rivers of other  
“ countries. Do we not all live ? And  
“ is not that a proof that we work ? In-  
“ deed we do, and wherever our land is  
“ susceptible of cultivation, our land is  
“ cultivated. To be convinced of this,  
“ give but yourself time to bestow some  
“ attention on our vineyards as you go  
“ forwards through Aragon and Cata-  
“ lonia. You will see in both provinces  
“ that

" that we have no need to learn of the  
 " French the art of rearing vines. And  
 " if we know the art of cultivating the  
 " vine as well as the French, why  
 " should we be supposed more ignorant  
 " than they, in the other art of multi-  
 " plying corn? This art is very well  
 " understood in our wheat-provinces,  
 " as you might see, if you would go to  
 " visit Old Castile, and several other  
 " parts of Spain. It is only when sum-  
 " mers prove perfectly dry, and no rain  
 " will fall during several months, that  
 " we are obliged to send out of the  
 " kingdom for corn: otherwise we have  
 " sufficient quantities every where: nor  
 " is it our fault when it does not rain  
 " in the proper seasons, and when our  
 " harvests are parched before they come  
 " to maturity. But due rains spread  
 " plenty throughout our corn-provinces,  
 " and there we have farmers (in Old  
 " Castile particularly) who are able to  
 " give, by way of portion, thousands

" of doubloons to their daughters ; nor  
 " are the *Hidalgos* few, whose ancient  
 " castles are sometimes repaired by  
 " means of lucky weddings with \* *Don-*  
 " *zellas del campo.*

" You will perhaps object, that you  
 " have taken notice yourself of spacious  
 " tracts of desert land in Estremadura,  
 " Toledo, New Castile, and even in  
 " this our more fertile province. But  
 " observe, that, if those tracts lie un-  
 " cultivated, the fault is not to be  
 " attributed to the inhabitants. How  
 " would you have them cultivate land  
 " where there is no water ? Can we  
 " form rivers and streams to moisten our  
 " deserts ? Make us as powerful as the  
 " Romans of old, and thus enable us  
 " to build aqueducts twenty, thirty,

\* *Hidalgo* [a contraction of *Hijo d' algo*, son  
 of somebody] means a man of noble descent ; and  
 a *Donzella del campo* signifies a country maiden, a  
 rustic beauty.

“ and even a hundred leagues in length,  
“ as the Romans did when they possessed  
“ this country. You will then see, that  
“ we like idleness and deserts no better  
“ than the French.

“ But setting aside impossibilities, I  
“ wish you had an opportunity of visit-  
“ ing Biscay, Asturias, the kingdom of  
“ Valencia, and some other of those  
“ provinces that have no scarcity of  
“ running water. In none of them you  
“ would find a span of land, but what is  
“ rendered fruitful by cultivation. There  
“ you would see luxuriant vines, and all  
“ sorts of fruit-trees, adorn even the  
“ steepest cliffs; the surface of hard  
“ rocks, battered to dust with pick-  
“ axes, receive all kinds of seeds; and  
“ corn and legumes produced in places,  
“ that one would think scarce acces-  
“ sible to goats. Water, you know, is  
“ the great parent of vegetation, and,  
“ without it, both sun and land become  
“ nearly useless for the purpose of agri-  
“ culture:

" culture : but water cannot be created  
 " by men ; and where we have none,  
 " the land must lie just as it is. This  
 " province of Aragon, as you may have  
 " observed, abounds more in streams  
 " than New Castile ; therefore you find  
 " it more fruitful. For the same reason  
 " you will find Catalonia still better  
 " than Aragon, as the more you advance  
 " towards the sea, the running streams  
 " become more numerous, and have a  
 " competent declivity, which facilitates  
 " the branching of them out artifi-  
 " ally, and spreading them wherever it  
 " is thought proper. Conclude, if you  
 " chuse, from such accidental circum-  
 " stances, that the Catalans are more  
 " industrious than the Aragonians, or  
 " that the Aragonians are more addicted  
 " to labour than the New Castilians ;  
 " but give me leave to smile at your  
 " French way of drawing conclusions."

You shall not, said I, upon my word ;  
 as I have long been of opinion, that

men are much more alike throughout, than some people would make us believe. But thanking you for your digression, be so good as to let me hear a little more of the Aragonians.

“ I repeat it again, (continued the  
 “ Canon,) that the Aragonians have as  
 “ few vices, as any other people upon  
 “ earth. You may possibly say, that  
 “ mere absence of vice is but an indif-  
 “ ferent kind of virtue; nor do I pre-  
 “ tend to decorate it with such a name.  
 “ But true and active virtue is not to be  
 “ expected from multitudes; nor is it  
 “ perhaps necessary that the gross of  
 “ mankind should be virtuous in the  
 “ exalted sense of the word, since ab-  
 “ sence of vice is sufficient to the chief  
 “ purposes of society. Let us not  
 “ launch however into this speculation  
 “ for the present. It is enough that  
 “ the Aragonians are far from being a  
 “ worthless set of men. I know them  
 “ thoroughly, and can assure you that  
 “ the

" the gross of them are free from de-  
 " grading vices. Gluttony and ebriety  
 " are words, to which they annex the  
 " most hateful ideas. They are not idle  
 " when they can help it: they are not  
 " such liars as the low people through-  
 " out France are said to be: they are  
 " not addicted to stealing, and have  
 " the reputation throughout Spain of  
 " making the best servants: they are  
 " not quarrelsome, but live in peace  
 " and affection with their neighbours.  
 " One of the proofs that they are not  
 " vicious, is the haste they make to-  
 " wards marriage; nor do they swerve  
 " easily from conjugal fidelity when they  
 " are once bound in wedlock. Even  
 " our *arrieros* (*mule-drivers*) who are  
 " incessantly journeying up to Madrid,  
 " keep true to their wives, and it is one  
 " of their ambitions to throw into their  
 " laps a piece of gold earned by a jour-  
 " ney, the moment they re-enter their  
 " houses.

" I will not say (added the good man)  
 " that this character is applicable to all  
 " the lower classes throughout the king-  
 " dom, and that some of our number-  
 " less *arrieros* cannot get drunk, swear  
 " wicked oaths, and have something to  
 " say to every wench at the posadas.  
 " Those of Valencia and Galicia in par-  
 " ticular, are said to be a wicked breed,  
 " and as such we see them often repre-  
 " sented upon our stage. But allowance  
 " must always be made for notions of  
 " this kind, that often have their source  
 " in prejudice, pique, and other causes,  
 " not easily traced back to their origin.  
 " The Galicians and Valencians speak  
 " dialects that sound disagreeably to the  
 " ears of the Castilians, and of us, who  
 " speak nearly Castilian : and I have  
 " often observed, that difference in  
 " speech is often sufficient to raise an  
 " antipathy between the several parts of  
 " a nation, and induce one to depre-  
 " ciate, censure, and hate the other."

This,

This, interrupted I, is exactly the case with some of our petty nations of Italy. But, sir, have you many provinces in Spain, the dialects of which are not understood by the inhabitants of Castile and Aragon ?

" You will see one (answered the Canon) within two days. They have " a dialect in Catalonia, that you will " certainly not understand. We know " very well that at bottom it is Spanish ; " but the Catalans mask it so much by " pronunciation, and have besides inter- " larded it so copiously with Italian, " French, Gascoon, Provincial, and " even Biscayan words, that it proves " quite as difficult for us to learn, as " any other language of Europe. The " dialect of Valencia borders much upon " the Catalonian, but is not so hard for " us to comprehend. The Galician we " look likewise upon as a strange speech ; " yet we comprehend it near as well as " we do the Portuguese. In short, the

“ more we go from New Castile, the  
 “ more difference we find in our dia-  
 “ lects, as you will easily conceive. But  
 “ the most difficult for us to learn is  
 “ the *Bascuenze*, otherwise called *La*  
 “ *Lengua Bascongada*; that is, the lan-  
 “ guage, which extends from the town  
 “ of *Irúm* to that of *Tafalla* on one  
 “ side, and that of *Santander* on the  
 “ other.”

I am so little acquainted, said I, with your geography, that I must beg of you to tell me where those three towns are situated, as I scarcely ever heard of their names before.

“ No wonder (replied the Canon,) as  
 “ none of them is very considerable.  
 “ But *Irúm* lies on a river called *Beòvia*  
 “ by the Biscayans, and *Bidassoa* by the  
 “ French. *Irúm* is about half a league  
 “ distant from the *Isla de los Faifanes*;  
 “ that is, an islet in that river, not half  
 “ a mile in circumference, which has  
 “ been pretty famous ever since the  
 “ important

" important conference that was held in  
 " it by our honest *Don Luis de Haro*,  
 " and your cunning *Cardinal Mazarine*.

" The small town of *Tafalla* lies in  
 " the *kingdom of Navarre*, six leagues  
 " to the south from its capital, called  
 " *Pampeluna*: and *Santander* is a small  
 " sea-port-town, placed at the extre-  
 " mity of *Biscay* towards the principality  
 " of *Asturias*.

" *Irúm, Tafalla, and Santander* form  
 " a kind of triangle, of which *San-*  
 " *tander* is the acutest point. Within  
 " that triangle are comprised the prin-  
 " cipality of *Biscay*, the small province  
 " of *Guipúscoa*, the best part of *Na-*  
 " *varre*, its capital not excepted, and  
 " a narrow district called *A'lava*. No  
 " dialect of the Spanish language is  
 " spoke within that triangle, but the  
 " tongue (much more ancient than our  
 " monarchy) called *Bascuenze*, as I said,  
 " or *Lengua Bascongada*.

" In

" In Biscay, and some parts of *Navarre* I have resided above a twelve-month, and there have attempted to learn that tongue ; but to very little purpose, as it is of a nature quite different from the Latin, Spanish, and French ; nay, if our learned know what they say, quite different from any other language that ever was familiar to the Europeans.

" But I see, that we are quitting our first subject very fast (said the Canon,) and are going to launch into another not easily to be exhausted. Let us save it for to-morrow, as we are soon going to alight. To-morrow we will talk of the Biscayans, and of their language, manners, and country. Let us conclude this day's talk with the common saying, that the Devil is not so black as he is painted, nor the Spaniards so idle and wicked as Frenchmen are pleased to affirm."

Such

Such was the substance of our long chit-chat this afternoon, and such is the opinion that my new acquaintance has of the inhabitants of Spain in general, and of the Aragonians in particular. But what he has here said of those that live in the inner parts of this kingdom, a man needs be no conjurer to know, that it may likewise justly be said of all people that live in the inner parts of any large country whatsoever. It is only in great and populous towns, that the profligate can easily associate to keep each other in countenance, and hide their wickedness behind that of others: whereas in small places, few dare to be vicious, partly for want of company, and partly because wickedness is of little use, and soon detected among the few. The writers of travels are therefore very blameable, who fall indistinctly upon any large nation, and brand the whole mass of its individuals with those vices, which they have happened to remark

more frequent amongst the inhabitants of a populous metropolis. The peevish satyrift, who paints any nation as perfectly corrupted, and the bucolic rhymer, who describes another as perfectly innocent, depart equally from truth, and, as far as in them lies, they both deceive their reader ; for which they ought to be equally censured ; yet not with any degree of severity, as in fact no body is the dupe of their exaggerated pictures and descriptions, as every reader has been early taught to make due allowance for poetical malignity, and poetical goodness. But that man does not come under this predicament, who trusting to the distance of places, and the difficulty of detection, represents nations in false colours, gives a bad character to this, and a worse to that ; thus endeavouring to raise and maintain prejudices and animosities in one part of mankind against another. Such a man ought not only to be severely censured and detested, but

driven amongst canibals and savages, as a common enemy to the great commonwealth of mankind. To avoid being ranked in the class of such infamous defamers, let no body write any thing of his travels when in the paroxysm of that spleen, that will naturally besiege a mind amidst the numerous and unavoidable inconveniences of a long journey. Writing only when in good humour, I am pretty confident that we shall find all men pretty nearly the same in every country, and that no travel-writer shall bestow upon millions the invectives that are scarcely deserved by a few thousands.

Let us now come to the short story of this day. We dined at the *venta de Santa Lucia*, three leagues distant from this village of *Bujalaróz*, and situated in the midst of a small desart. The *ventero* told me, that he pays annually three hundred

hundred \* *pesos duros* for the renting of that wretched house, which can scarce have cost such a sum in building. Nothing is proportionably so dear throughout Spain, as the rent of ventas and posadas. I wonder that the ventero of *Santa Lucia* does not fleece every traveller who happens to alight at his door, to repay himself a sum so enormous. But the incessant passage of large gangs of muleteers, furnishes him with sufficient means of satisfying his landlord, and maintaining himself and family over and above: and the habit of being just to those fellows, who certainly would not put up with any imposition of his, renders him indistinctly honest with every body else, that comes under his roof. He gave the Canon and me a good fowl, a couple of partridges, a fallad,

\* A peso duro is worth twenty reals; that is, little less than five shillings sterling.

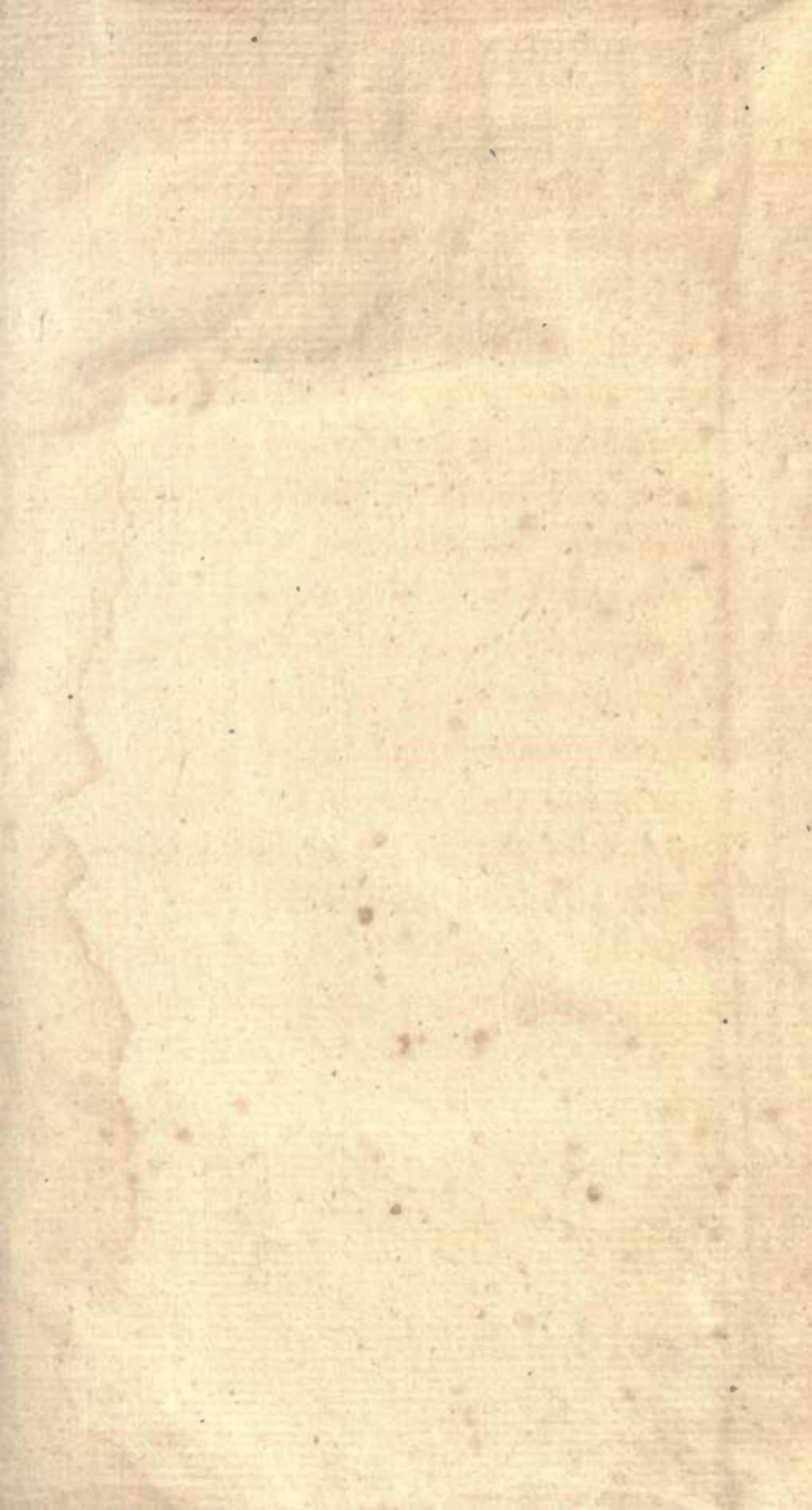
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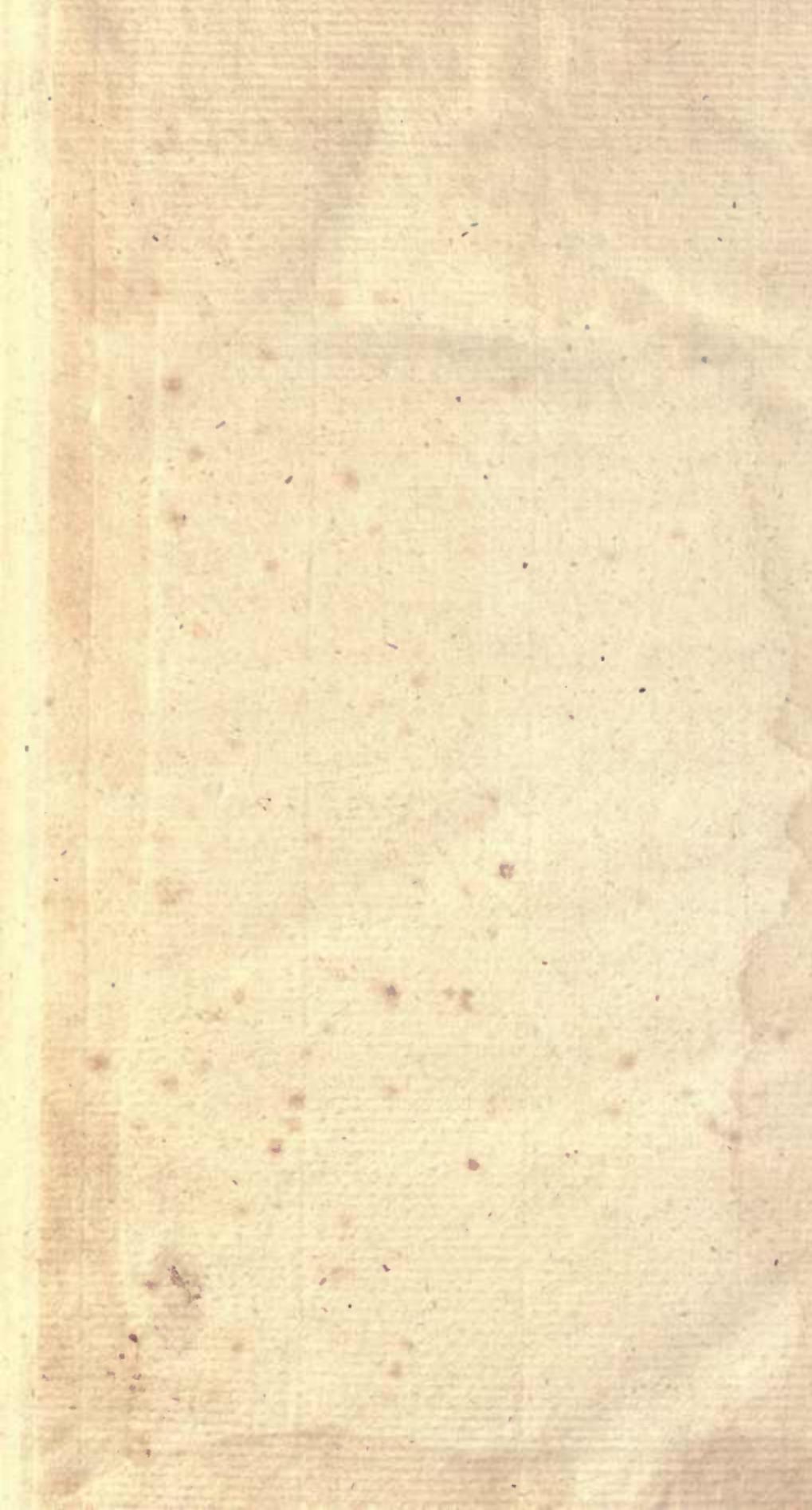
and a bit of cheese, besides bread and wine: yet my share of the reckoning did not amount to quite four reals. Had he charged us thrice as much, we should not have thought him immoderate; and I told him so as we shook hands at parting. I know you would not, answered the man: but *yo no quiero ir al infierno por ustedes*, “I will not go ‘to hell for the sake of your worships.’” ’Tis pity, thought I, that virtue is so miserably clad, and so wretchedly lodged.

A cloud of women surrounded us as we alighted here, all hastily knitting stockings, which they offered to sell us for only nine reals a pair, though their worsted is very fine and very thinly spun.

The END of the THIRD VOLUME.

simply cannot hold to such a







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